FIRST STEPS THAT COUNT

YOUR WIFE tells you how that maid has turned out a perfect treasure, but she had to go warily with her at first. You've seen people in the street—of both sexes—manfully getting used to new shoes? With Lotus and Delta shoes this stage is cut clean out. So many sizes! So many sub-sizes! So many cross-sizes! There's a Lotus and Delta size waiting for you which will answer to your foot like the print of your foot in good clean sand.

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SHOES OF STANDING
For Men and for Women
At prices from 21/-

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B T-H

Headphones

2218

B.T.H. Headphones are supreme in all respects—in sensitiveness, tone, permanence, and comfort. Although fitting closely to the ears and thus excluding extraneous sounds, very little pressure is exerted and they can be worn for hours without discomfort.

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Ask your dealer to tune out his demonstration set until you can only just hear. Then substitute B.T.H. Headphones and you will be amazed at the clearness with which you can hear every word and note of music.

We also make Crystal Sets, Valve-Crystal Sets, Valve Sets, Loud Speakers, Amplifiers, Valves (including B5-0.06 amps) and Tungar Battery Chargers.

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Your Furs

depends largely upon the care they receive. We help to maintain and enhance the beauty of furs by skilful cleaning. Furs which are allowed to become soiled not only lose their good looks, but they wear and deteriorate generally in consequence. We shall be pleased to give estimates for the cleaning and remodelling of furs by our own experts, and you can be sure that the work will be done perfectly and quickly if entrusted to us.

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THE RONOLEKE GIVES YOU REAL BED COMFORT

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RELIEVES PAIN NEURALGIA INFLUENZA CHILLS ETC

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IT LASTS FOR YEARS AND NEVER LEAKS

NEW MODEL HATS

SMART HAT in fine velour, an exact copy of a new French model, finished with rose of shaded ninon.

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VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET
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THE NEW "CORSLO-JUNO"

The full-figured woman who wishes to follow the present fashions must aim at supple straightness as being the next best thing to actual slenderness. The new "Corslo-Juno" is ready to help her to the easy achievement of this desirable and graceful effect—and to prevent the ugly "bunched-up" look which so often results from the wear of too tight or too stiff a corset. It is made on the same principle as the already famous "Corslo" and combines bust bodice, corset and hip belt, but it is adapted to its special purpose by the introduction of extra and firmer bones in front, and other bonings at the back, where, moreover, it is laced instead of buttoned, so that its fitting may be more easily regulated. It can be depended upon to mould even the fullest figures into the most fashionable straightness of line, and to give all the necessary support without any feeling of compression, while its beautiful unbroken lines are a perfect foundation for the latest day, evening and dance frocks, and also for sports costumes. The "Corslo-Juno" is a revelation of comfort for the summer months at home, and for tropical wear at all times its cool lightness will be a special benefit and delight. It can be washed as easily and often as ordinary undergarments.

"LE CORSLO-JUNO" (as sketch) Hip Belt and Bust Bodice combined, made of cotton tricot, laced at back, with two sets of steels, also two short steels in centre front, removable for washing. Measurements required when ordering: bust, waist and hips. In Pink and White.

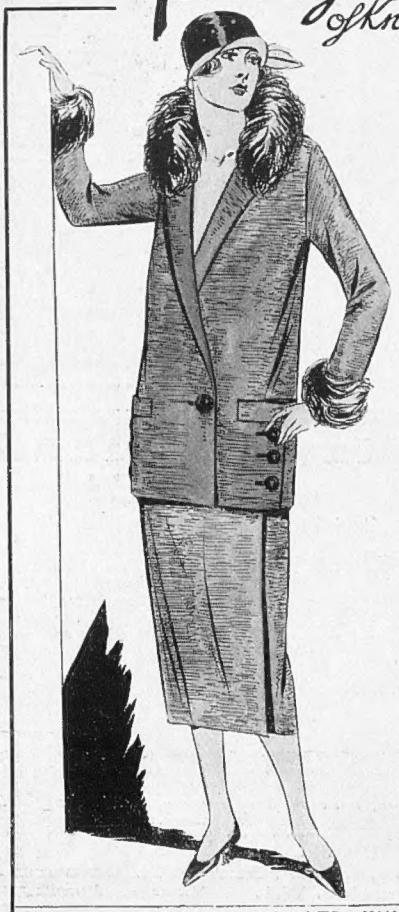
PRICE **63/-**

In best quality satin, **5½ Gns.**
In best quality silk tricot, **5½ Gns.**
Sent on approval.

These Corslo Novelties are obtainable only from Debenham and Freebody.

Debenham & Freebody
Wigmore Street (Cavendish Square), London, W.1

Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge



SMART FUR TRIMMED COATS AND SKIRTS
FOR PRESENT WEAR

***Smart Coat and Skirt** in rainbow velour cloth with mouflon fur collar and cuffs. Coat has sac back and finished at hips with double pockets and buttons. Graceful wrap skirt. In many good colours.*

PRICE
6½ Gns.

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.1

"Glastonbury" Motor Overshoes

See them at

THE MOTOR SHOW
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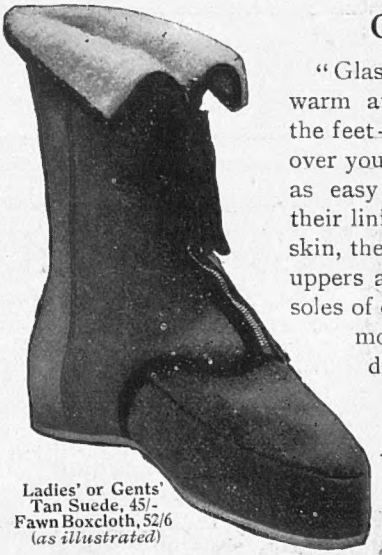

Ladies' or Gents' Tan Suede, 45/-
Fawn Boxcloth, 52/6
(as illustrated)

"Glastonburys" are just warm and cosy gloves for the feet—they fit as neatly over your shoes and they are as easy to slip on. With their lining of fleecy sheepskin, their suede or boxcloth uppers and their waterproof soles of crepe rubber, winter motoring loses its chill discomfort.

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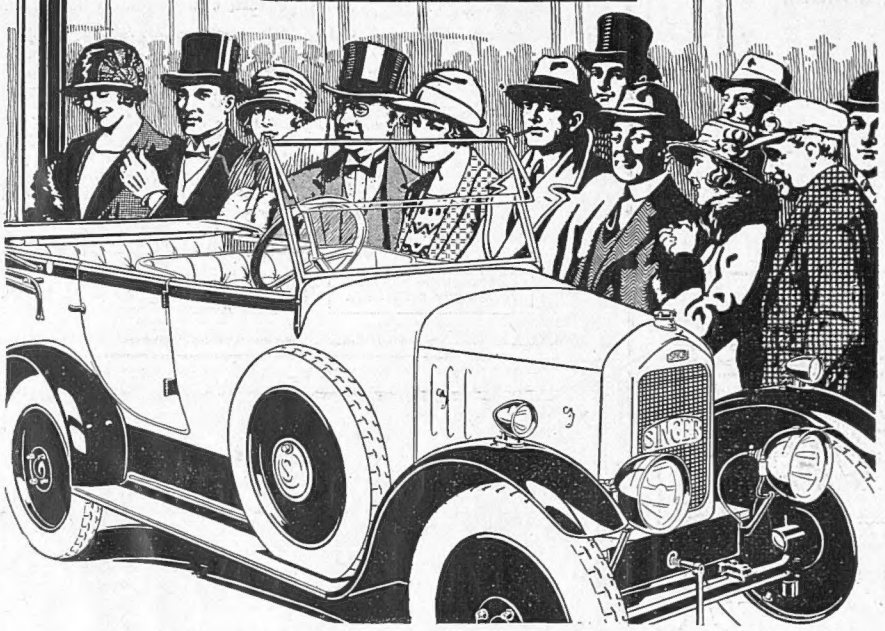
"GLASTONBURY" MOTOR OVERSHOES *with Kynoch "Lightning" Fasteners*, are sold by Motor Outfitters, Stores and High Class Shoe Shops. If any difficulty apply to us for name of nearest retailer.

CLARK, SON & MORLAND, LIMITED, GLASTONBURY

Select a SINGER and be satisfied

STAND 209



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All Singer Cars can be purchased on Deferred Payments through any Singer Agent. Illustrated Catalogues and full particulars sent with pleasure.

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Lounge Suit

Made from High Grade Scotch Tweeds, Saxonys and Cashmere Suitings.

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Also Black or Grey Jacket & Vest and Striped Trousers. *Patterns sent.*

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Outstanding Values in Scotch Hosiery

"Glen" Hose

—Scotch-knit of finest Scotch Fingering in handsome ribbed stitch; unsurpassed for comfort and stout wear; in fine range of mixed colourings. Per pair **12/9**

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In newest shades. Per pair **9/6**
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BROGUES; buckle and strap pattern; Black or Tan. Per pair **45/9**

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Stay the hand of TIME!

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Dear Madame Eve,

It gives me real satisfaction to say how much your Facial Exercises have done for me. I first practised them after a time of great trouble which might have aged me considerably.

But a friend who met me a month or so later was delighted to see how fit I looked, and another noticed how much younger I was looking! I have practised them ever since, and found them invaluable. They are worth much more than you ask, as they are a permanent possession, and do not need costly renewing from time to time.

Wishing you every success,
Yours gratefully,

Madame Eve's simple exercises preserve or restore the elasticity of the facial muscles. Be wise—practise them and keep youthful!

NO CONSULTATION FEE.

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World - Famous Values.

THE "SEFTON" SIDEBOARD.

OF original design. Constructed from very fine quality Figured Oak, with carefully carved enrichments and good quality fittings. Two drawers, one fitted and lined green baize. Two cupboards. The whole finished a beautiful shade of brown. Length 5ft. Depth 1ft. 10 ins. Height over all 3 ft. 8 ins. At the moderate cost of

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Resist Tropical Sun "Sunpruf" Sea Air and Washing

UNFADABLE FABRICS

THE Original Famous Fabrics with a world-wide reputation bearing testimonials from India that the colours are equal to new after many years' exposure. All the latest designs and colours.

"SUNPRUF" CASEMENT CLOTHS from 1/3½ per yard. CRETONNES 2/9. BOLTON SHEETINGS, 2/11½. SATIN CLOTHS AND REPS 6/11. DAMASKS 6/11. VELVETS 7/6 REVERSIBLE VELOUR 8/11½.

ALL Fabrics prefixed with the word "Sun" are guaranteed unfadable. Any length failing within three years to meet this guarantee will be replaced.

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COVERED real Hide with loose Velveteen Cushions. Well constructed frame with neatly carved mouldings. Specially shaped arms and seat. A really interesting Suite. Complete

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Or can be supplied separately.

Settee **£8 17 6**

Chairs **£4 7 6** each

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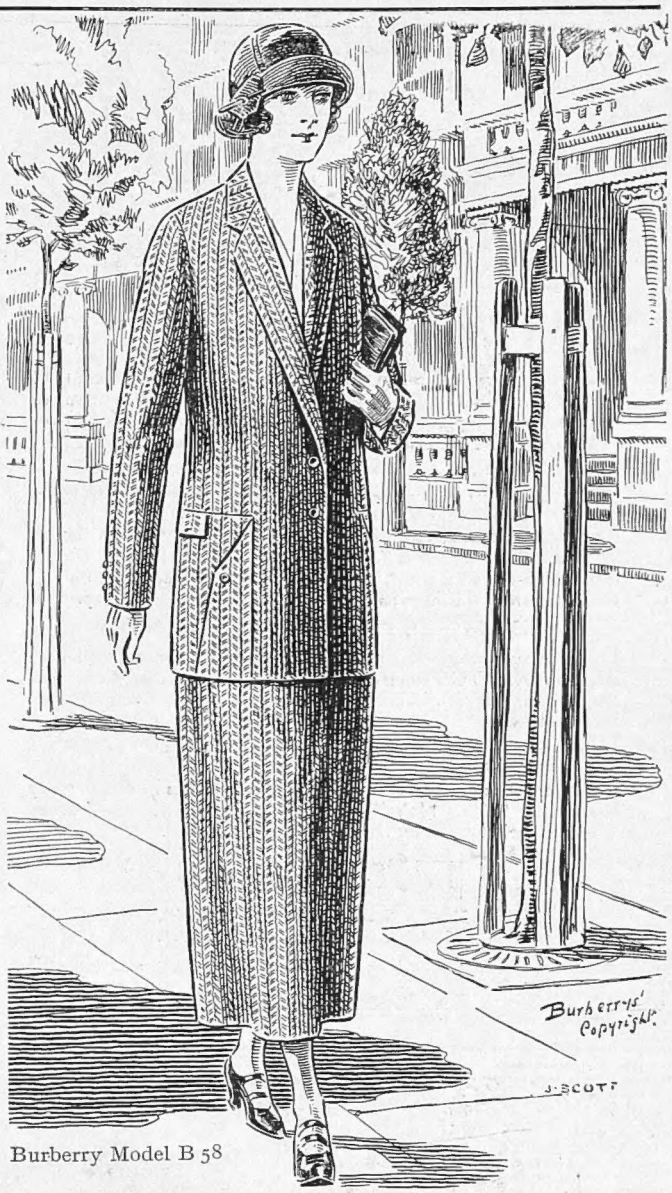
Williamson & Cole LTD

HIGH STREET, CLAPHAM S.W.4



Burberry Model B 58

BURBERRY GOWNS

Designed on graceful lines, possess a distinctive charm, with materials and trimmings in perfect harmony.

Thought and care have left nothing to chance, the Burberry Gown completely satisfies its severest critic; it is a work of art that does credit to both designer and wearer.

Catalogue of Models and Patterns of Materials Post Free.

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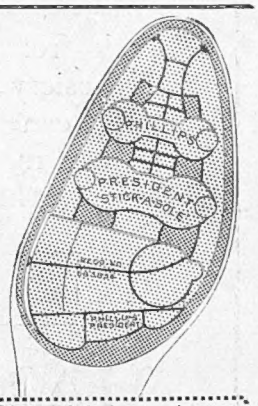
They keep you Young!

Phillips 'STICK-A-SOLES' smooth life's difficult way. The wonderful ease and comfort they give takes years off your age. Tough as steel, yet light as a feather. Secured with Phillips SOLUTION ONLY.



Prices
Men's ... 3/6
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per pair, including
PHILLIPS SOLUTION
Fixing extra.

PHILLIPS 'Stick-a-Soles'
PRESIDENT
STUCK LIKE A STAMP!

If any difficulty in obtaining, please send name and address of your bootmaker to:
PHILLIPS PATENTS, LTD. (Dept. 57), 142, Old Street, LONDON, E.C.1, *who will arrange your supply.*

Her Pillow shares her Secret-

Her pillow shares her secret, and like a faithful friend, doesn't tell! That is only one of the advantages of INECTO. It doesn't—it cannot—"come off" on pillow slips, brushes, or hat-bands. The hair re-coloured with INECTO is coloured right to the heart of each single hair.

It keeps its colour, too. It defies shampooing and sea-bathing, looks the same in all lights, and is supplied in eighteen shades—every one a true hair tint.

If you would learn more of this scientific remedy for greyness, consult the leading hairdresser in your district. He knows from experience that hair re-coloured with INECTO has none of that "dyed look." On the contrary, the sheen and brilliance of the hair is greatly improved.

DEMONSTRATION SALONS.

Ladies in town who prefer to witness an actual demonstration before adopting INECTO in their own case are invited to attend the demonstrations in hair re-colouration given daily at 15, North Audley Street—between Marble Arch and Bond Street stations on the Underground. Such demonstrations are personal, private, and—of course—quite free.

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DEMONSTRATION SALONS,
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Telephones: Mayfair 3046-3047. Special Consultation Telephone: Mayfair 3798.

THE opportunity to enjoy the protection and comfort of the famous Chilprufe Pure Wool Underwear, once the prerogative of Children and Ladies *only*, is now extended to Men.

CHILPRUFE for Men

PANTS,
DRAWERS,
TRUNK DRAWERS,
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To special order
COMBINATIONS.

TO WEAR CHILPRUFE IS TO ENJOY THE LUXURY OF SILK, WITH THE SAFETY AND PROTECTION OF WOOL.

A fully illustrated Price List should be obtainable at your Hosiers, but if any difficulty is experienced send us a postcard.

There is only one quality in 'Chilprufe,' the FINEST PURE WOOL—no second or third grade to confuse one at the counter.

THE CHILPRUFE MANUFACTURING CO.,
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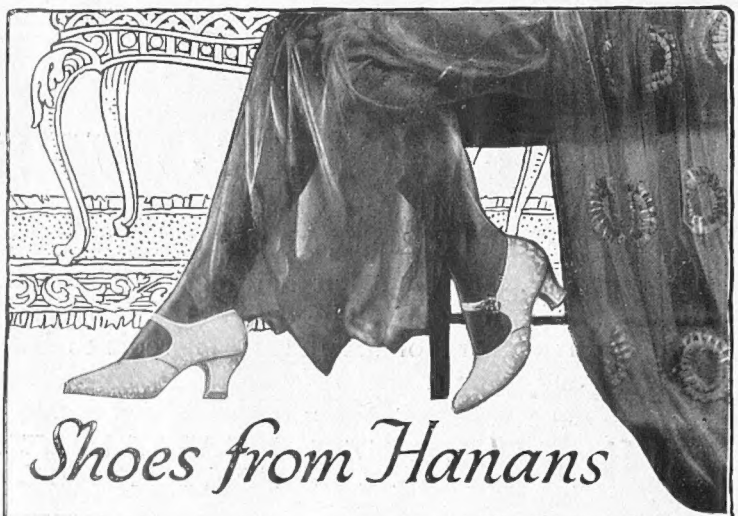
(John A. Bolton, M.I.H., Proprietor.)



Shoes from Hanans

Frock from the Rue de la Paix—shoes and hosiery from Hanan's—the best the world can produce. How confidently one can meet the appraising eye. For there are no better shoes to be bought.

Charming Hosiery in Newest Shades, Dainty and Durable

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OVER ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF HAT MAKING

'WHITBURN'
A finest Fur Felt sports and general wear Hat. Faultless in style, the trimming composes self-colour galoon. In 23 of this season's shades. Sizes 6¾ to 7½. PRICE 30/-

A selection of Hats will be sent on approval. Write for name and address of nearest Henry Heath Agent.

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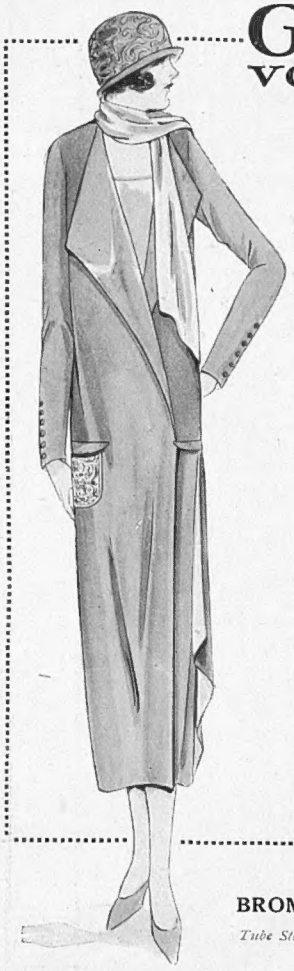
GOOCHS
VOGUE & VALUE



While the cross-over front of this Gooch gown makes it particularly flattering to a full figure, it is also just as becoming to a slim one. Goochs have many more equally pleasing models, varied and new in design, delightfully moderate in price.

"MATINAL"

This elegant Coat Frock of navy wool rep has the new cross-over front which is becoming to so many figures. The pocket of red crêpe de Chine is richly embroidered in navy and dull gold. The cascade of skirt which falls gracefully from the hip line, and the scarf are lined red to match the pocket.

PRICE
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'Puses Nos. 96, 30 and 14 to door.

for outdoor sport of *every* sort – wear

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KNITTED UNDERJACKETS
WOOLLIES & PULLOVERS

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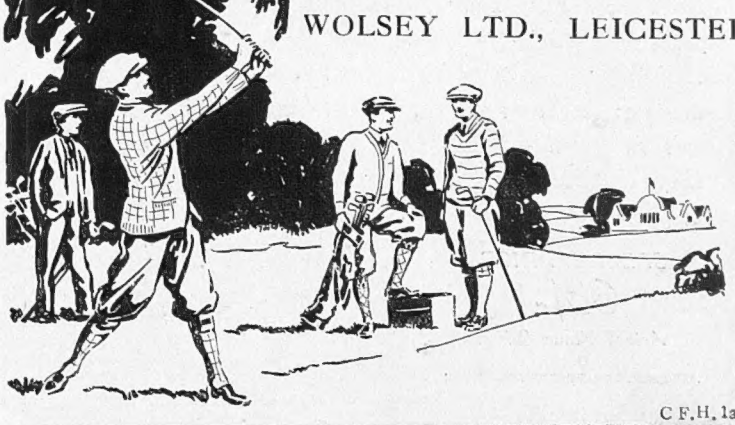
Go and see the wide range of 'Sportsman' Knitted Underjackets, Woollies and Pullovers at your Hosiers or Outfitters. There's a 'Sportsman' just the pattern and style you have in mind and at the price you want to pay.

If you have any difficulty in getting 'Sportsman' write direct to us and we will send you the name of the nearest retailer who can supply you.

WOLSEY LTD., LEICESTER

Ask for it by name. This Trade Mark is on every garment.



C.F.H. 1a

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In lock-up solid Hide Case, lined chamois. 15 x 8½ ins. Comprising:—Mixer, ¾ pint; Nest of four Drinking Cups, two Spirit Bottles, two Liqueur Bottles, Sugar Box and Mixing Spoon in superfine Electro-Plate.

Complete **£10.10.0**

Ask for PS 6425

COCKTAIL MIXERS
(PS 5938, in superfine Electro-Plate)
¾ pint 18/6 1½ pint 28/6
1 pint 21/- 2 pint 40/-

HARRODS LTD *Silver and Cutlery Salon Ground Floor* LONDON SW1

A New Service Shoe Store

Charles H. Baber

wishes his friends, whom he has had the pleasure of fitting for over 3 years, to know that he has severed his connection with Babers Ltd. (Jersey), Oxford Street, and has started on his own account at 304-6, Regent Street (opposite the Polytechnic) with a stock of shoes for men, women and children, including the famous Arch-Preserver, La France Rest Cure, Blachford's Canadian Shoes, with best-made English makes. These brands, combined with his method of fitting of which he is the pioneer, have made him thousands of friends through giving foot comfort.

A few words should be said about the fitters. Mr. Baber feels it it a great compliment to himself and his method of fitting that the following have come to help him in a fresh start; they will be known to many readers.

Miss Mountfort
Mr. Nancholas
Miss Judge
Miss Hancock
Mr. Edwards and
Mr. Frawley

Most of these have been with Mr. Baber since he first introduced his new method of fitting. All will be pleased to see their old customers once more, and cordially invite anyone suffering from foot trouble. The latest X Ray machine is installed. Seating accommodation for 70 people on the ground floor.

Mr. Baber, on behalf of the fitters and himself, wishes to thank their old customers who have already called, and for their many recommendations, which speak volumes.

Charles H. Baber

The New Service Shoe Store,
304-306, REGENT ST., W.1
(opposite the Polytechnic)
Telephone: Mayfair 5212-3.

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DISTINCTIVE KNITTED WEAR FOR AUTUMN

Knitted Woollen Suit *(as sketch) made from good quality yarn, well-chosen range of mixtures also self-colours, well-fitting shape suitable for sports or general wear.*

SPECIAL PRICE
63/-
Actual Value, 94/6.

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WARM AND COSY NUNS VEILING NIGHTGOWN

USEFUL Nightgown (as sketch) in pure wool nuns veiling, V neck and kimono sleeves, daintily trimmed hand embroidery.

PRICE
18/9

We have now in stock a selection of Viyella Nightgowns in women's and O.S. size.

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
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KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W.1

Distinctive Milliners and Court Dressmakers

Autumn Fashion Display in all Departments TO-DAY and Daily.

Correct Mode Book Post Free.

No. 168.—Hand-Knitted Jumper and Skirt in Bramble Fingering. Very nicely shaped, Collar can be worn open or closed. Colourings: Orange/Creme, Saxe/Grey, White/Black, Fawn/White, Rust/Fawn. Price **7 Gns.**

No. 169.—New Tunic Jumper in good quality Artificial Silk, in two tones of colour. Long Sleeve and Rounded Neck. Colours: Mauve, Grey, Fawn, Mastic, Copper and Gold, and Black/Grey, Navy/Mastic, White/Black. Price **69/6**

No. 170.—Becoming Coat and Skirt in firmly Knitted Wool, Check design. Specially recommended for full figures. Waist on elastic. Colours: Black/Grey, Red/Grey, Saxe/Grey, Black/White, Leather, Rust/Brown, Tan/Black, Navy/Sand, Nigger/Fawn, Price **6 Gns.**

WOOLLAND BROS., LTD.,

The Centre of Fashion,

Knightsbridge, London, S.W.1

EXCLUSIVE FURS
AT MODERATE PRICES

Intending purchasers are strongly advised to inspect our stock before coming to a final decision. Practically every garment that we offer for sale is worked on the premises by our own highly skilled furriers from carefully selected skins. By handling the skins from the raw state up to the finished article we detect and reject all inferior skins, and at the same time eliminate all intermediate profits, and therefore claim with the utmost confidence that the values that we offer are absolutely unbeatable. Our new season's models are now on view in our Fur Salon, and show the latest trend of fashion.

ATTRACTIVE FUR COAT (as sketch) worked from selected winter moleskins, with new crossway effect on hips, full collar, lined with plain or fancy marocain to tone.

PRICE **49 Gns.**

In moleskin with dyed Blue Russian Kitt Fox collar **69 Gns.**
In natural selected Golden Nutria, **79 Gns.**
In natural Brown Musquash, **39 Gns.**
In Beaver Dyed Coney, **29 Gns.**

Debenham & Freebody
(Incorporated Limited)
Wigmore Street.
(Cavendish Square) London W.

Sent on approval. *Catalogue post free.*

The Natural Transformation

Ray's "Adjustograph" is not only natural but charming, and ensures for its wearer a coiffure of rare and exclusive beauty. Not only can the

RAY'S "ADJUSTOGRAPH"

be arranged in a minute or two, but so perfectly is the growing hair matched that there is no one can tell that a transformation is being worn.

Mons. Ray can be interviewed at any time to suit your convenience. If unable to call a Postiche will be sent on approval.

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"ADJUSTOGRAPH" PRICES:—

Transformation from 12 Gns.; Semi-Transformation from 7 Gns.; Toupet (for front only) from 5 Gns.; payable by instalments if preferred *(see Brochure. Sent Free).*

Margrove No. 37

THIS becoming Coiffure can be arranged to suit individual requirements, and is made in Grade A, Full Transformations from **12 Gns.**
„ B, „ „ „ **8 Gns.**
„ A, Semi-Transformations „ **8 Gns.**
„ B, „ „ „ **6 Gns.**
Only the highest quality European Hair is used in the manufacture of our hair work, and is selected and made up under the personal supervision of our expert.

Ladies' Hairdressing

EXPERT POSTICHEURS

WE are specialists in the art and craft of MARCEL WAVING, HAIR COLOURING, PERMANENT HAIR WAVING, ELECTROLYSIS, CHIROPODY and MANICURE. All these important sections are staffed by qualified operators. The saloons are perfectly equipped, and the most approved methods of Hygiene installed.

This department carries an unique and comprehensive range of foreign and English toilet requisites.

Our specialist is always at the service of those desiring advice on all matters relating to hair and skin troubles.

Ladies are invited to visit the Ladies' and Children's Hairdressing Department, where personal attention and satisfaction are assured.

Special attention is also given to Children's Hair Culture.

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DEBENHAMS LIMITED
VERE · STREET · AND · OXFORD · STREET · LONDON · W1

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Beware of Autumn Chills.

Protect yourself by taking

GENASPRIN

IN the damp Autumn days chills are frequent, and are liable to develop into such dreaded conditions as Rheumatism, Bronchitis, Influenza, etc.

Be on your guard; At the first symptoms of a chill take two Genasprin tablets in a little water. They will quickly reduce your high temperature, soothe your nerves, and speedily check the chill from getting a hold on your system.

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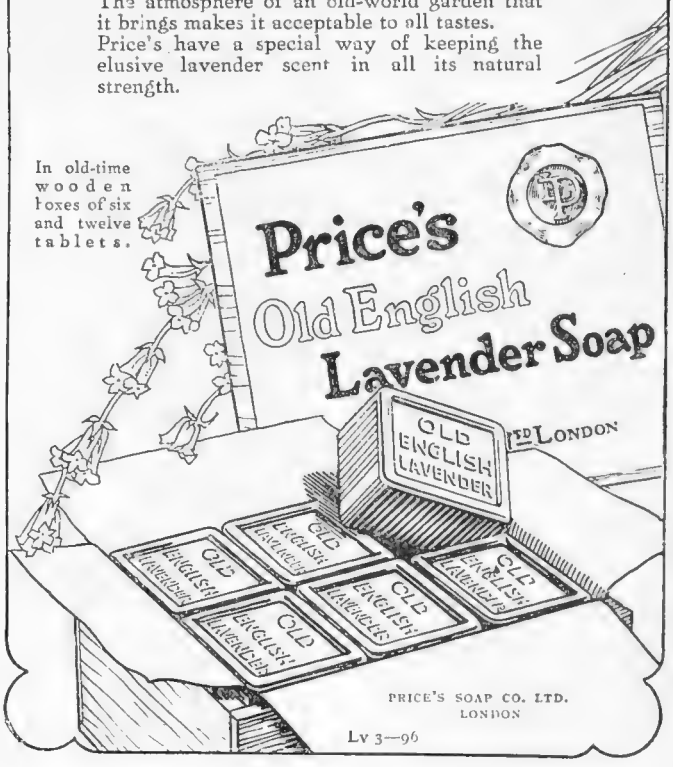

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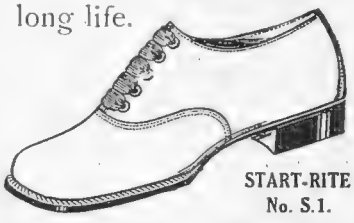

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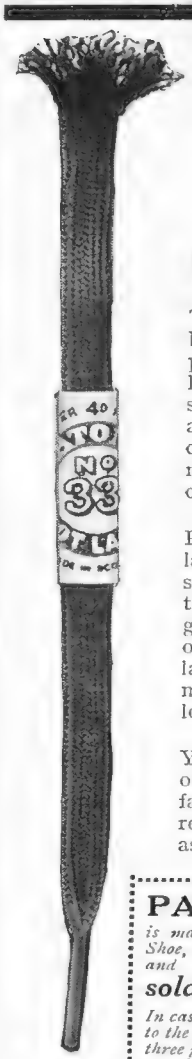

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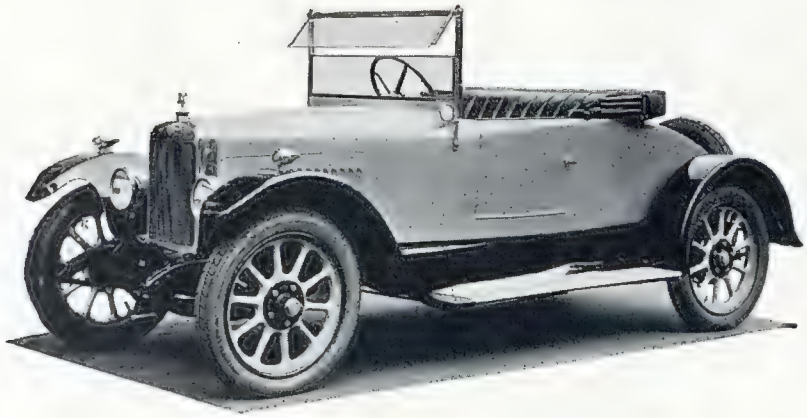

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The Bystander, October 15, 1924 No. 1089. Vol. LXXXIV.

The BYSTANDER

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THE MARCHIONESS OF HARTINGTON

With her two sons, the Earl of Burlington and Lord Andrew Cavendish. Lady Hartington, who is the daughter of Lord Salisbury, was married in 1917

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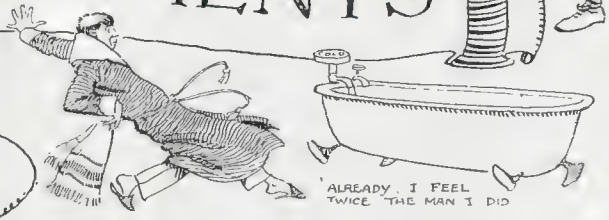


ALREADY, I FEEL TWICE THE MAN I DID

FUTURE GENERATIONS OF YOUNG AMERICANS WILL THRIVE ON STORIES OF THE RUM-RUNNERS —

A COUPLE OF AIRMEN MAKING A FORCED DESCENT IN THE DESERT AND BEING CARRIED OFF BY THE TRIBESMEN —

The First Frost

WALKING in my garden last week, I found that my dahlias were dead—cut to the core by the first frost. I was sorry for my dahlias; they have been my pride and joy this month past, but I welcomed the invigorating bite in the air that had proved their undoing. Myself, I have little use for the warm, muggy and unhealthy days that go to make the unsatisfying apologia of an unsatisfying summer; and so, while my dahlias are wilting along my garden path, I stride past them with a merry song in praise of the first frost. Already, I feel twice the man I did, for all my incipient ailments have died with the dahlias. Gentlemen, the first frost!

Modern Romance

ANOTHER rum-runner has been towed triumphantly into New York. Strange, isn't it, that America should set us the pace in the matter of modern romance? We are very proud of our relics of the old smugglers. We point with pride to secret passages and cunning hiding-places, but there is little smuggling carried on in this country, nowadays, if we except an occasional bottle of scent that gets past the customs officials at Folkestone or Dover. Yet there is now more smuggling in America in a week than there ever was in this country in a month of Sundays.

The Rum-Runners

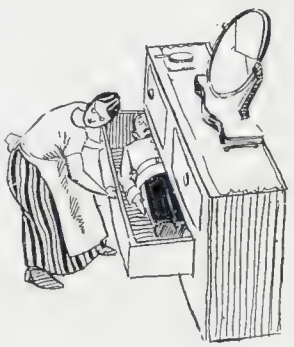
FUTURE generations of young Americans will thrive on stories of the rum-runners. Old gentlemen with long white beards will be pointed at with awe because they are the sole survivors of the notorious Rum Row. Every other grand-dad will have been a smuggler, and proud families will be reminded at election time that the source of their wealth is tainted with Scotch whisky. Not a doubt that America is breeding romance at a great rate, for they have the real thing, while, with us, nothing but the memory remains.

The Old Gods

AND there is another direction in which Romance is raising her diminished head. In my youth I read splendid stories of shipwrecked mariners wrecked on inhospitable shores, who wandered among the sands of the desert to be finally captured by fierce Arab tribes and carried into the interior on the backs of camels. Once again mariners are experiencing similar adventures, but they are the mariners of the air and not of the sea. Only last week, the most thrilling romance of my schooldays came true in every particular, a couple of airmen making a forced descent in the desert and being carried off by tribesmen. So truly do the old gods guard their round!

The Woman at Woking

WHEN will the penalties for various offences be decently standardised? Every day the conscience of the country is outraged by judicial rulings that bear no sort of comparison with one another. A woman at Woking has been sent to prison for a month for hiding a deserter, and next week I shall read that some act of outrageous cruelty has been rewarded by a magisterial warning to be a better boy next time. All wrong!



A WOMAN HAS BEEN SENT TO PRISON FOR A MONTH FOR HIDING A DESERTER —

A Healthy Occupation

THE writing of lyrics must be a very healthy occupation. Fred. E. Weatherley has just celebrated his seventy-sixth birthday, and his years do not appear to be cramping his output. Then there is Fred Bowyer, who wrote all the songs that our grandfathers sang, from "Sister Mary Jane's Top Note" to "A Little Bit of Sugar for the Bird" and "Up I Came with My Little Lot." He is still a dangerous opponent at the billiard-table, and will have a show running in town this

READ HOW EGBERT WAS TURNED INTO A RHINOCEROS —

MOST SERGEANT MAJORS I MET IN THE WAR HAD AN UNQUENCHABLE THIRST

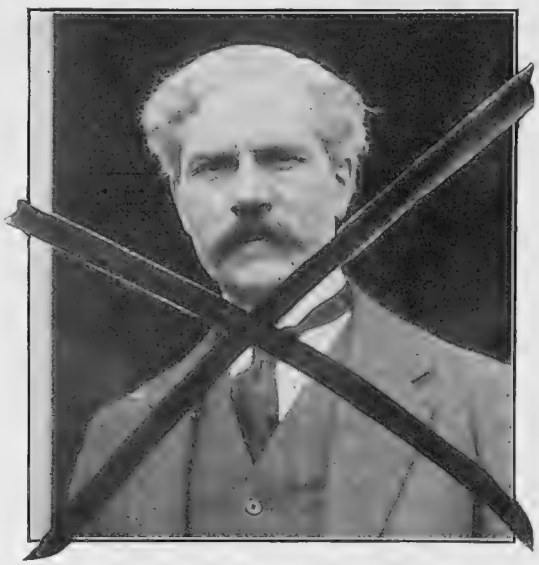
A COMMENDABLE THINNING OUT OF ERSTWHILE CALVES —

Made and Printed in Great Britain

Christmas. Beside these youthful veterans, Adrian Ross at sixty-five is a mere stripling, just embarking on what we all hope will be a long and successful lyrical career.

Alf and Egbert

REGULAR first-nighters may or may not have noticed a youngish, pleasant-faced man who slips quietly into his appointed stall and remains there for the rest of the evening. Readers of a leading daily certainly read the fair and well-balanced criticisms of this same fair and well-balanced young man. He is W. A. Darlington, author of *Alf's Button*, and he has followed up that first big success with a second story, in which he takes the same exuberant liberties with his central character. If you doubt me, read how Egbert was turned into a rhinoceros. Mr. Darlington is one of the critics who count, and he is fast becoming one of the best best sellers. Even his dramatic victims will wish him well.



AND THAT'S THAT!

For the Empire

WHEN I suggested that the Military Tattoo should be revived for the benefit of the Empire, I did not refer to the Empire that confines itself to the north side of Leicester Square. What Sir Oswald Stoll did for the Rodeo, Sir Alfred Butt has done for the other great Wembley attraction, and it now only remains for Mr. Gulliver to secure the dramatic rights of the Zeebrugge exploit "direct from the Admiralty Theatre."

Two Big Boys

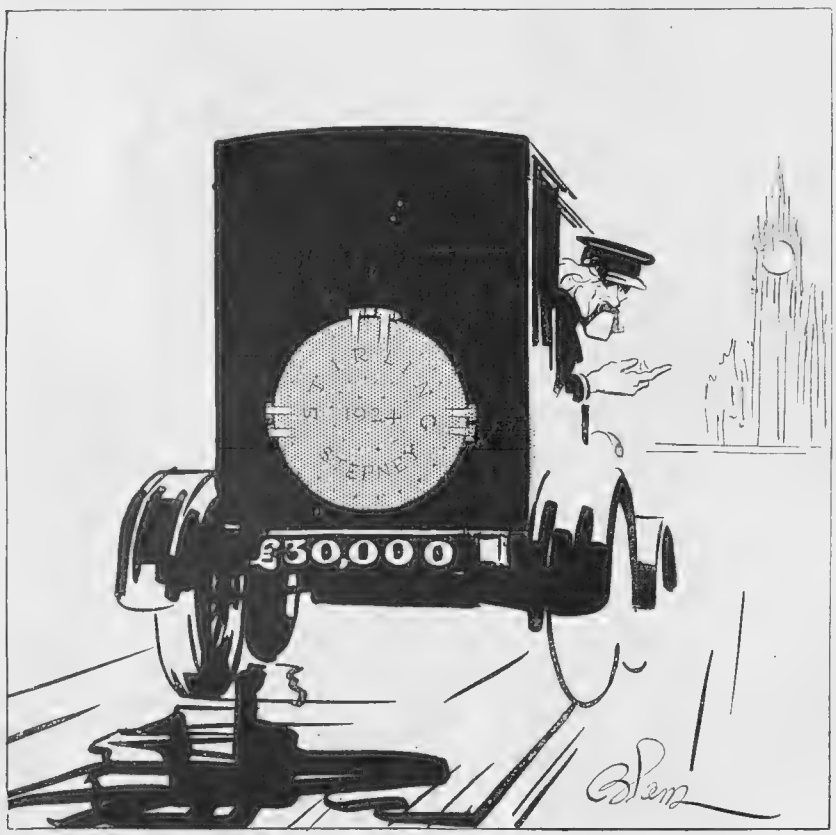
ON a certain Saturday and Sunday not so long ago it was my pleasure to attend recitals given by those two jolly fellows, Mark Hambourg and John McCormack. Everyone knows everything about their art, but on the subject of their personalities the public in general may not be so well-informed. They are just two big boys, for each has steadily refused to grow up. To see Mark wrestling with adversity on a golf course, or John perspiring freely at a tennis net is to realise that a merry heart provides the master key to the enchanted garden of perpetual youth. So many great artists take themselves so very seriously that it is a relief to find two masters of craft who provide two notable exceptions to a general and rather depressing rule.

These Counterfeits

THE success of the Charlot Revue in New York seems to have resulted in a host of imitations, while it would also seem that the plagiarists have not been too successful. "From the imitations that I have seen," says George Jean Nathan, "it would appear that the producers in point have confined their study of the form and manner of the Charlot Revue entirely to Miss Gertrude Lawrence's limbs, and the pleats in the Messrs. Buchanan's and Key's trousers. For, apart from a commendable thinning out of erstwhile too sizeable calves, a *recherché* touch to the men's tailoring, and the injection into the proceedings of a somewhat more polished air, I have been able to discern not the slightest similarity to the London article in these counterfeits."

Drastic Criticism

THE same New York critic has something to say of *Havoc*, the English war play recently produced on the other side. "As a picture of war," he snorts, "it follows the customary stencils with its sergeant-major with the unquenchable thirst, its young soldier (affectionately known as 'the Babe') who is ever irrepressibly merry and bright, its villain, who sends his hated rival to certain death, the hated rival, of course, duly showing up at the end of the third act miraculously saved, the waiting for the enemy's attack at dawn, and so on. The heroine, like such London heroines ever, is dubbed 'Vi'; the hero is 'Dicky'; and there is mention of our old friends Travers, Cavendish, etc. The affair is third-rate stuff, obvious at all points. I can see nothing in it." All of which is pretty drastic and prompts me to remark that most sergeant-majors I met in the war had an unquenchable thirst; certain young officers were (thank God!) "irrepressibly merry and bright" and British soldiers really did await the enemy's attack at dawn.



By Bram

RAMSAY'S BISCUIT-TIN LIZZIE AND ITS (VERY) SPARE WHEEL

In Everybody's Interest

INCLUDED in this number is our Special Annual Motor Supplement, which, with its concise and informative description of the big show at Olympia, will be of interest to all who are interested in cars. Which to-day means—everybody.

Royal Doings as Seen by the Camera

Photograph *L.N.A.*

BACK TO THE CENTRE OF THINGS

His Majesty The King leaving the Royal train at Euston Station after his all-night journey from Ballater to London to sign the Dissolution of Parliament

Photograph *Central News*

OUR ROYAL VISITORS FROM NORWAY

The Queen of Norway and her eldest son, the Crown Prince Olav, in the grounds of Appleton House, at King's Lynn. Prince Olav went up to Balliol this term. The Queen of Norway, who is, of course, our King's youngest sister, owns Appleton House, and it was there that Prince Olav was born

Photograph] **A FAMILY GROUP AT GOLDSBOROUGH HALL** *[Cornall*

An unconventional photograph of the christening party (the chief member of whom is not taking very much interest in the proceedings) at Knaresborough. Standing (Back): The Earl of Harewood, Lord Lascelles, The Hon. Edward Lascelles; (Front): The Countess of Harewood, Princess Mary and her two children, and Mrs. Edward Lascelles

WHO, WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

A Dramatic Moment

THE sudden and dramatic turn in political affairs brought the King and Queen back to London from Balmoral a day earlier than had been arranged. Their Majesties arrived in London last Thursday morning instead of Friday, and an hour and a half after they had reached Buckingham Palace, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald was closeted with the King. As a result of that interview the King dissolved Parliament, and we are in for a lightning General Election.

This means the cessation of much autumn gaiety in London until the end of the month, because everybody will be off to the constituencies electioneering. Earnest old ladies and charming young ones will all go a-canvassing. There will be meetings everywhere; showers of election addresses and leaflets. Everybody will be "full of busy." We shall all become argumentative and rather trying to one another. Then we shall all go to the poll—he's and she's—and after that there will be a new Parliament. And what that Parliament will be—Conservative, Liberal, or Labour, who can prophesy?

Photograph *Stort and General*

MATTERS OF COURSING

Lord and Lady Plunket, Lady Maureen Stanley, and Mrs. Anthony Lowther at the Border Union (Lowther) Coursing Meet at Lightwater, Penrith

Photograph *British Illust.*

AT THE GUARDS' CHAPEL

Captain Docker Milburn, D.S.O., Coldstream Guards, and his bride, Miss Violet Stanley, elder daughter of Vice-Admiral the Hon. Victor Stanley and Mrs. Stanley, and a niece of Lord Derby leaving the Guards' Chapel, Wellington Barracks, after their marriage

The Royal Christening

THE fuss made in some of the newspapers about the christening of Princess Mary's second son to my mind far exceeded the bounds of public interest. So far, indeed, that in some cases the fuss passed into the domain of interference and impertinence.

When all is said and done, Lord Lascelles is a private individual, and if he and Princess Mary wished the christening ceremony to be a quiet, family affair, with no members of the public present, why shouldn't their wishes be respected? They have had sufficient experience of Goldsborough swarming with curious trippers and themselves running the gauntlet of dozens of clicking cameras. On this occasion, they clearly wished to avoid any public demonstration. To judge from some of the comments, one would imagine they had no right to please themselves.

The question has been raised as to whether the Rector of Goldsborough had the legal right to close the church during the christening ceremony. It is said that any parishioner

THE WEDDING MARCH OF EVENTS

Photograph *G. P. U.*

ARCH-HAPPINESS

Captain J. A. Paton, 3rd/6th Dragoon Guards, and his bride, Miss Loveday Tupper, daughter of Admiral Sir Reginald and Lady Tupper, leaving Holy Trinity, Brompton, after their marriage. The honeymoon is being spent in Scotland

Photograph *Central News*

STAGE AND SOCIETY

The Hon. Inigo Brassey Freeman-Thomas, only son of Lord and Lady Willingdon, leaving St. Mark's, Hamilton Terrace, with his handsome bride, Miss Maxine Forbes-Robertson, eldest daughter of the famous actor-knight

has the right to enter his parish church for any service that takes place there. But even if this is the case, the church at Goldsborough would have been invaded by hundreds of outsiders, and how could the two policemen at the door have discriminated between parishioners and non-parishioners?

If parishioners actually have the legal right of entry to their parish church for any service, incumbents, I suppose, are acting illegally in allowing weddings in parish churches to which people attending are admitted only on presentation of their invitation.

However, whether it was legal or illegal to close a church during the christening, Princess Mary and Lord Lascelles had the quiet and privacy they desired. And surely, that is nobody's business but their own?

A Question of Quarterings

I SEE that the marriage of Count Roberto Lucchesi-Palli to Lady Hermione Herbert is fixed for an early date in next month. There has been some discussion amongst people interested in such matters, as to whether the young couple could ultimately inherit the Palazzo Vendramin, the beautiful Lucchesi-Palli palace in Venice. The succession resolves itself into a question of heraldic quarterings on the side of the bride.

The Palazzo Vendramin was bought by the Duchess de Berri, the Neapolitan Bourbon Princess and widow of the Duke de Berri, heir to the throne of France, who married Count Roberto's great-grandfather. Seeing so many of the old palaces in Venice passing into the hands of strangers, and fearing the same fate might befall the Palazzo Vendramin, the Duchess left it to the Knights of Malta to be held by them in trust for her family in perpetuity.

If any of her descendants in the direct succession made what is called an "unequal marriage," that is, the bride not being of noble birth, and even if noble, not possessing a coat of arms showing at least sixteen quarterings, such descendant was not to be allowed to live in the palace.

It has been suggested that in the strict meaning of "equal marriage" according to the Continental ruling, Lady Hermione would fall short in the required "quarterings," and that, consequently, when her husband-to-be ultimately succeeds his father as Prince of Campofranco, he will not succeed to the Palazzo Vendramin. The suggestion is a mistake. Lady Hermione Herbert possesses all the "quarterings" necessary to ensure her future husband's succession to the ancient palace.

Her father is the fourth Earl of Powis. The marriages of his three predecessors with the daughters of two earls and one duke give her the requisite "quarterings" on the paternal side. On the maternal side she has all the "quarterings" of the ancient Conyers family, her mother,

Photograph *Sport and General*

THE STEEPLECHASE SEASON IN SUSSEX

The Hon. Mrs. Cubitt (left), Lady Burrell, Mrs. Monteith, Capt. Saville and Mr. Peter Burrell at the Fontwell Park 'Chases

Photograph *G.P.U*

SOME MORE SOUTH SAXON ENTHUSIASTS

A group showing Miss Jellicore (left), Mrs. Hankey, Lt.-Colonel Hankey and Mr. Alfred Day, the director and organiser of the races, at Fontwell Park

Photograph *Sport and General*

SOME CHESHIRE GUNMEN

A group of guns at the Cheshire, North Wales and Shropshire Retriever Trials at Marton, Capesthorne, Cheshire, last week. Names: Mr. Walter Bromley-Davenport, Captain the Hon. R. D. Legh, Lord Harlech, Brigadier-General Sir William Bromley-Davenport, K.C.B., Mr. J. Brodie Hoare and the Hon. Edward Lloyd Mostyn

now Baroness Darcy de Knayth in her own right, being a daughter of the twelfth Baron Conyers.

The Value of Sixteen

WE are apt to smile in England over this question of "quarterings," but in Austria, Italy and Germany it is still of vital importance. In England, a peer can marry the village maiden or the star of a cabaret and it makes no difference to his position or the future of their children. On the Continent such a marriage makes a big difference, especially to the children. Even now, the eldest son of such a marriage cannot succeed to the family estates. The younger children also suffer.

All over Germany and Austria are establishments known as *Damenstift*, founded by pious folk, mostly Queens and Empresses, for the sheltering of the unmarried daughters of the nobility. And very pleasant places they are. Each lady has a suite of rooms and an allowance. But she has to possess sixteen "Quarterings." If her father has made an "unequal marriage" the doors of the *Damenstift* are closed against her. It is the same with the sons. A large number of the younger sons in Austrian, Italian and German princely and noble families become Knights of Malta. But, here, again, the minimum of sixteen "quarterings" is required. The sons of "unequal marriages," no matter how long their fathers' lineages may be, can never be Knights of Malta. Their parents must both be noble and both the descendants of nobles for four generations.

It Doesn't Matter

WE have an instance in our own Royal Family of the effect of what Continental genealogists consider an "unequal marriage." The sons and grandsons of the Prince Consort inherited from him the titles of Duke of Saxony and Prince of Saxe-Coburg, and the arms of Saxony and Saxe-Coburg were quartered upon their English coat-of-arms.

Amongst the King's many titles are those of Duke of Saxony and Prince of Saxe-Coburg. They are borne by the Duke of Connaught and Prince Arthur. But they are not borne by any of the King's sons. The reason is that Queen Mary's father, the Duke of Teck, was the issue of a morganatic marriage between Alexander, Duke of Wurtemburg, a near relation of the King of Wurtemburg, and the Countess Hohenstein. This "unequal marriage" debarred the Queen's sons from inheriting the titles of Duke of Saxony and Prince of Saxe-Coburg.

It is not a heavy blow to anybody and nobody minds, but I mention the fact as an instance of the effect of the Continental rule concerning "unequal marriages," a rule which bound and tied our own Royal Family for over two hundred years until the King in his wisdom swept it away.

An Ancient Barony Revived

ANOTHER ancient barony has been called out of abeyance, and in our next year's *Debrett* we shall find another peer, Lord FitzWalter, whose claim to the ancient barony of FitzWalter has been recognised by the Committee of Privileges. This barony is one of the oldest in the kingdom, dating from 1295. Three hundred years later it fell into abeyance, and was claimed successfully by a Mr. Benjamin Mildmay. The descendants of this seventeenth-century Lord FitzWalter became Earls FitzWalter and Viscounts Harwich. But both of these titles became extinct in the middle of the eighteenth century, and the barony of FitzWalter again fell into abeyance.

Now it has been restored in favour of Mr. FitzWalter Plumptre, who has been summoned to the House of Lords as Baron FitzWalter. The new peer occupied an unusual position for a claimant to a peerage. He had already succeeded to the FitzWalter estates before his claim came before the Committee of Privileges.

Villas on the Riviera

VILLAS on the Riviera are apparently going through the same state of change and sale that is befalling so many of our country houses in England. The villa

Photograph *Sport and General*
MR. AND MRS. JACK MORLEY WITH MR. NEILL

Photograph *Sport and General*
BARON F. DE TUYLL AND MRS. SOFER WHITBURN

Photograph *Sport and General*
CAPTAIN AND MRS. MILES THOMPSON

ROUND THE COURSE AT BATH RACES

And some of the pleasant people met with *en route*

Photograph] THE ENGLISH LADIES' CHAMPIONSHIP *[Sport and General*

Competitors in the English Ladies' Close Championship which was held last week at Cooden Beach. Miss Joyce Wethered and Miss Cecil Leitch, both to be seen in the front row, met in the sixth round when Miss Wethered won by 4 and 3

at Cap Ferrat, where Sir Ernest Cassel entertained so lavishly, has found a new owner, and so has Sir William Ingram's Villa Kairo at Roquebrunne.

Over the Italian frontier, the Château Devachan at San Remo, the gathering-place for the Peace Conference in 1920, has likewise changed hands. Another big villa, Lou Casteu, at Valescure, once belonging to the late Lord Amherst of Hackney, is for sale.

Other Changes

My Lord Marquis of Bute, who owns five country houses in Scotland and Wales, is following the fashion forced by circumstances upon even the wealthiest. He has taken a house in Queen Anne's Gate, next door but one to the Bute estate office. The houses in Queen Anne's Gate are not large, but those on the north side—

Photograph *Topical*

MISS CHARLTON (left), AND MRS. GEORGE DRUMMOND

Photograph *Topical*

LADY BRADFORD WITH HER DAUGHTER, LADY DIANA BRIDGEMAN

THE PERSONAL NOTE FROM NOTTINGHAM

Society snapped around the racecourse last week

of which Lord Bute's is one—have a pleasant and open view over St. James's Park.

Then Lord Stanmore, who once upon a time was a Lord-in-Waiting to the King, is giving up his house in Ebury Street,

Photograph *Alfieri*

THE DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE AND THE EARL OF HUNTINGDON

which has been bought by Mr. Frank Green, the owner of the famous Treasurer's House at York. His near neighbour was Lady Sackville, who knocked two houses into one. A little coterie of people, amongst them a scion of the House of Bedford, Lady Sackville and Lord Stanmore, who loved old houses, settled some years ago in the unfashionable end of Ebury Street. The houses were quaint and most of their rooms had old panelling. But now the little coterie seems to have broken up, for Lady Sackville has a house on the cliffs between Brighton and Peacehaven, and Lord Stanmore is going to live in the country.

An Interesting Exhibition

Have you heard the word "Treen"? Until last week I must admit it was a new word to me. Then I discovered "Treen" is the name for the wooden

Photograph. Camera Portraits

A NORFOLK GATHERING

The Marchioness Townshend with some of the guests at a recent house-party held at Raynham Hall in Norfolk. The young Marquess is seen seated in the foreground.

articles which our ancestors used before metal came into general use. The number and variety of these articles is surprising. Mr. Owen Evan-Thomas, who has spent many years in collecting "Treen," has an exhibition of some eight hundred pieces at 20, Dover Street, and I advise you all to go to see it. I believe it is the most complete collection in the world.

There are wooden plates, drinking vessels, snuff rasps, spice boxes, pipe stops, everything that was in domestic use, many of them finely carved. And I found the origin of another word during my visit. There were a number of large wooden spoons in the exhibition with carved handles. These, Mr. Evan-Thomas told me, were made and carved by village swains and presented to their lady loves when they became engaged. The lady hung up the spoon in the paternal abode for all the world to see. Hence the term "spooning."

Adjectives

HAVE you ever played the game of "Adjectives"? I was introduced to it recently at a week-end party. I daresay it is an ancient game, but I pass on my experience in case you, like your Bystander, haven't made acquaintance with its amusing possibilities.

First, one of the party writes down a passage with no adjective in it, arranging whatever is written so that there is an adjective for each member of the party. Then, he asks each person in rotation for an adjective. The other people do not see what he has written. Each adjective is put down in the order in which it is given.

Here is one result of our game of "adjectives." We were a party of nine, so eight adjectives were required. The questioner had written:—

"The . . . moon was shining on the . . . sea. Two . . . forms were seen to creep from the . . . shadows. "Take your . . . arms from my . . . waist,' panted a woman's voice. 'Never,' came a man's . . . whisper. 'I'll hold you to the end of . . . Time.'"

Each adjective was written in the blank space in the order in which it was given, and then the completed passage was read out. This was the result:—

"The *flimsy* moon was shining on the *cheeky* sea. Two *extra-special* forms were seen to creep from the *terrific* shadows. 'Take your *admirable* arms from my *genuine* waist,' panted a woman's voice. 'Never,' came a man's *hectic* whisper. 'I'll hold you to the end of *timid* Time.'"

I suggest "Adjectives" as a pleasant interlude when all the gramophone needles have been used on a wet afternoon, and there's nobody who can play fox-trots or one-steps.

The Institut Français

ANOTHER interesting *conférence* is to be held to-morrow night (Thursday) at nine o'clock, at the enterprising Institut Français, in South Kensington. Monsieur Auguste Dorchain, the Honorary President of the Société des Poètes Français and the well-known compiler of that cherished book, *The Hundred Best French Poems*, will deliver a lecture on "Some Poets of Yesterday and To-Day," and Mademoiselle Suzanne Gonnel, of the Odéon Theatre, will recite a number of poems, accompanied by Mlle. Micheline Kahn on the harp.

Photograph *Alfieri*

ON THE STEPS

Harrovians past and present facing the camera on October 8 when they celebrated Founder's Day in conditions which were blest—or rather, cursed—with one of our best samples of wet weather

Spot the Winner

By THE TOUT

CESAREWITCH PERSONALITIES

And some of their many "fancies" with which they are associated in to-day's big long-distance handicap at Newmarket

Popular Personalities

MALCOLM CAMPBELL. By "PAUL PRY"

MALCOLM (as the whole motor-racing world knows him), who has just brought back to Britain, under great difficulty and stress, the world's championship for speed, has a dual personality of a very interesting kind.

He is a man who lives on his nerves. And yet, as I know to my cost, he has no nerves. None whatever. He simply does not know what they mean. This, to a cautiously moving observer of human nature, to whom the principle of Safety First is an over-riding factor, is a remarkable thing. I suppose Malcolm, among all men who have done big things in the athletic world, is the greatest living contradiction.

To be with him at lunch, or in his garden, or when he is with his Airedale terriers in Sussex, you would expect from his manner and general attitude towards life that he was of those who start violently when a door is slammed. When off duty, as it were, he is all on edge. He has the quick staccato speech of the nervous man. He is never still. He is jerky in manner and temper; prone rather to pessimism and moods. Jumpy and "ridden with vague fears." The last man, in fact, whom, on first glance, you would guess was one of the speed merchants of the world. A man, I suppose, who has more wins and trophies to his name for motor-racing than any living person. But on glancing at him a second time you would observe that he had a cold blue eye, and men with the cold blue eye are worth looking at twice, for they have usually done something of note. There is a certain amount of the feminine in his composition, too.

At the description to me sometime ago of a motor accident that had befallen a pal of his on the Portsmouth Road he was visibly affected, though several days had elapsed, and the victim was out of danger. Of a recent fatal accident at Brooklands he simply cannot speak, though he scarcely knew the man. And all this from one who took a keen delight in shooting down German pilots from the greater altitude of his own fighting scout during the War.

But get Malcolm alongside one of his own motor-car monstrosities in the park at Brooklands and you see an altogether different man. His whole mentality changes when brought into contact with any piece of mechanism that can move rapidly through space. Half an hour before, he has been sitting in the front seat of an ordinary touring car on the way to a Brooklands meeting, with one breath deploring the hoggish proclivities of a plutocrat who has cut across us at a turning, and in the next cautioning the man at our wheel not to take risks. Alternatively with this you will find him turning round continually to the mechanic behind and questioning him irritably about spare parts, etc., for the impending races. A man, you would say to yourself, thoroughly out of sorts and not fit to drive a Ford lorry.

Then when he climbs in a detached way into overalls, and they begin to tune up the infernal machine that he happens to be racing that day, he becomes transfigured. It is then a curt, poised, entirely self-possessed man you see behind the goggles that he has pulled down over his eyes—a different personality entirely.

All this piqued me so at one time, and was so contrary to accepted precedents of character that I allowed myself to be cajoled into accompanying him on a speed test round the laps of Brooklands, because "the holy spirit of man at his job" always enthralls me. All one could see behind the mask of the goggles were the cold blue eyes warmed to a sparkle with the zest of the business in hand, the set mouth, a deep concentration, and the appearance of a person engaged (with both our lives in the hollow of his steady hands) upon the only job in life that really absorbed him. When we caught fire, as we did, at 108 miles per hour of speed, and had to slow down in order to quench the flames rising about our feet from the carburettor, the only thing that at all bothered Malcolm was whether she would "pop back" like this in the race itself and so rob him of a victory from the scratch mark, which is meat and drink to him. My abysmal terror was not even noticed, and was disbelieved with an incredulous laugh when confessed to in the subsequent sanctuary of the Club House at tea.

He is gifted, of course, all these men are in varying degrees, with whipcord muscles, and with a brain which can act with ice-cold aloofness and precision in the face of a rather horrible form of death that is rushing towards him from the middle distance. As witness the famous occasion when, on entering the straight at Brooklands, in the old days, going full out, one of his back wheels came off. The car, canted over, headed immediately for a mass of spectators. How he kept her on the track for 150 yards is a feat that will go down to motor racing posterity. And also, in Denmark this year, when both his back tyres came off while travelling, again towards the spectators, at 140 miles an hour, how he avoided by miraculous skill and nonchalance a holocaust of tragedy was a nine days' wonder to the racing world at the time.

MALCOLM CAMPBELL By HYNES

When consulting me the other day about the sands at Pendine, he was all jumpy and fear ridden, not as to his possible fate upon their rather treacherous surface, but as to their capacity for enabling him to beat a stupendous world's record on his car, whose lowest speedometer reading, by the way, is sixty miles an hour, and whose highest is 180. His only complaint, a vehement one, on finishing, was that the surface was soft, and lost him vital fractions of seconds. Although he passed the mark, with his 350 h.p. engine going full out, at 168 m.p.h.

He is now fidgetting to do a speed of three miles a minute. His only trouble is about tyres. They won't stand the strain!

This seems very hard luck, doesn't it?

"Over the Falls": Or, Worse Than Wembley

BY E. T. REED

CHORUS OF ANXIOUS PLUNGERS: "*Now* we're for it! And *which side up* shall we be after THAT?"

Chef d'Œuvres

RE the Premier's *volte face.* "Is this the wisdom of a great Minister; or the ominous vibration of a pendulum?"—JUNIUS, May, 1769.

. . . . . .

A TELEPHONE operator has succumbed after suffering for years from an intermittent buzzing in his ears. Cut off in his prime, we suppose.

. . . . . .

A BRIDEGROOM recently had a bout of fisticuffs with a friend who had mislaid the ring at the ceremony. The bride was wrongly reported to have murmured, "May the best man win!"

. . . . . .

PROFESSOR HARRIS of Minnesota declares that, though Helen of Troy's face may have launched a thousand ships, she was probably a dowd.

Helen a "dowd"? Ah no, I dare
To contradict Professor Harris;
The best authorities declare
Helen got all her frocks from Paris!

. . . . . .

BOBBED hair is supposed to be out of fashion with Welsh girls. They are probably content with the "Celtic fringe."

. . . . . .

"I DON'T so much mind John talking about golf at his meals," remarked his wife, "but when he starts playing eighteen holes over the Gruyère cheese it's a bit too thick!"

. . . . . .

"WHAT fancy dress shall I wear, dear?"

"If I were you," replied her friend, "I should dress myself as lamb."

Now what did her friend mean?

. . . . . .

MANY a man has been known to damn his soul for a camisole.

THE habit of chewing is said to foster the quality of endurance. Now we know why America won the war. It was, of course, the man behind the gum!

. . . . . .

IT is nice to think that, though America has collared most of our sporting championships, our supremacy at snakes and ladders and swan-upping remains unchallenged.

. . . . . .

Mr. Jones had a quiverfull; and entre nous,
Was awaiting the latest arrival then due;
When the nurse came downstairs, he just lifted his head,
And, "A boy or a girl, nurse?" he wearily said.
But the dame, with both arms full, responded, "Ahem,
It's my duty to say, Mr. J., it's a THEM!"

. . . . . .

"FOOTBALL for girls is an excellent preparation for the rough and tumble of matrimony," writes a soured correspondent. It certainly might make a girl a better half.

. . . . . .

"I NEVER let a Dago by without getting some exercise," remarked the skipper as he hoofed a Lascar.

"AND why do you think you'd be a success on the stage?" asked the agent of the *ingénue.*

"Because," she replied complacently, "I've red hair, and I've studied simplicity!"

. . . . . .

"I CAN'T think what's the matter with my hair."

"Perhaps, dear," remarked the wireless enthusiast, "there's something wrong with your wave length."

. . . . . .

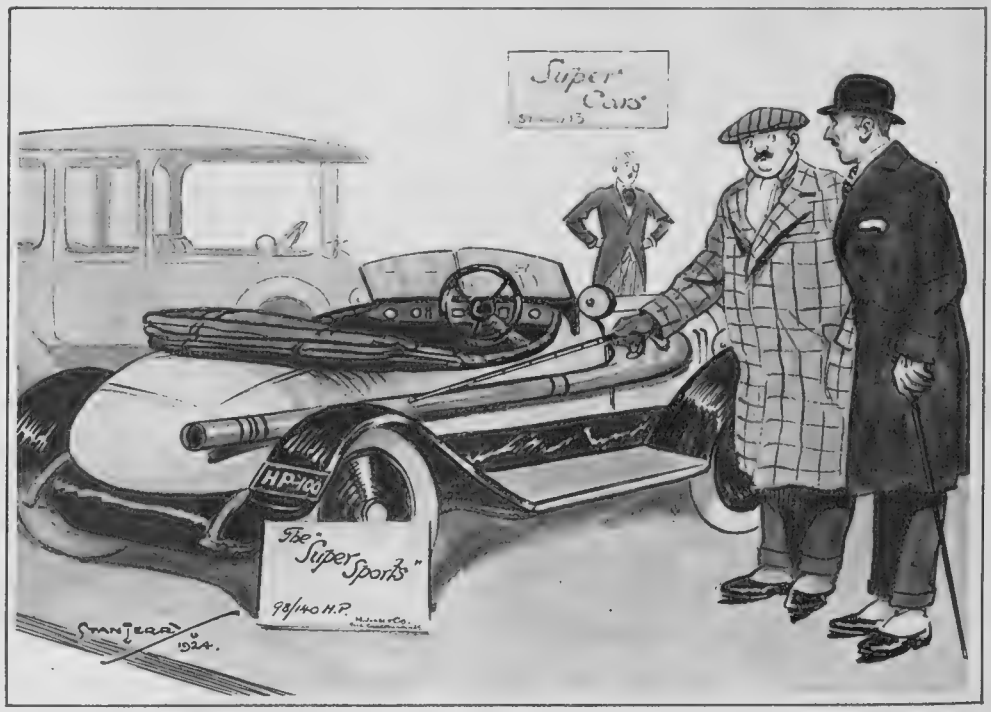
A NASTY JAR

Though short of wealth, my state of health
Is what is known as "rude";
I need no pill; each common ill
I commonly elude;
And yet about three weeks ago
I felt a pain within,
And as it hurt like billy-oh,
I called my doctor in.

He warned me he must operate
Forthwith to save my life;
I noticed he, with surgeon's glee,
Was on it like a knife!
The job he did for fifty quid,
A trivial affair;
And soon again as right as rain,
I went to take the air.

There is a task I never shirk;
(When I've the time to spare)
I go on Sundays to the kirk,
And play the organ there.
But oh, my horror who can doubt?
Last night when in my pew,
I found that all the hymns were "out
Of the appendix," too!

HARTLEY CARRICK

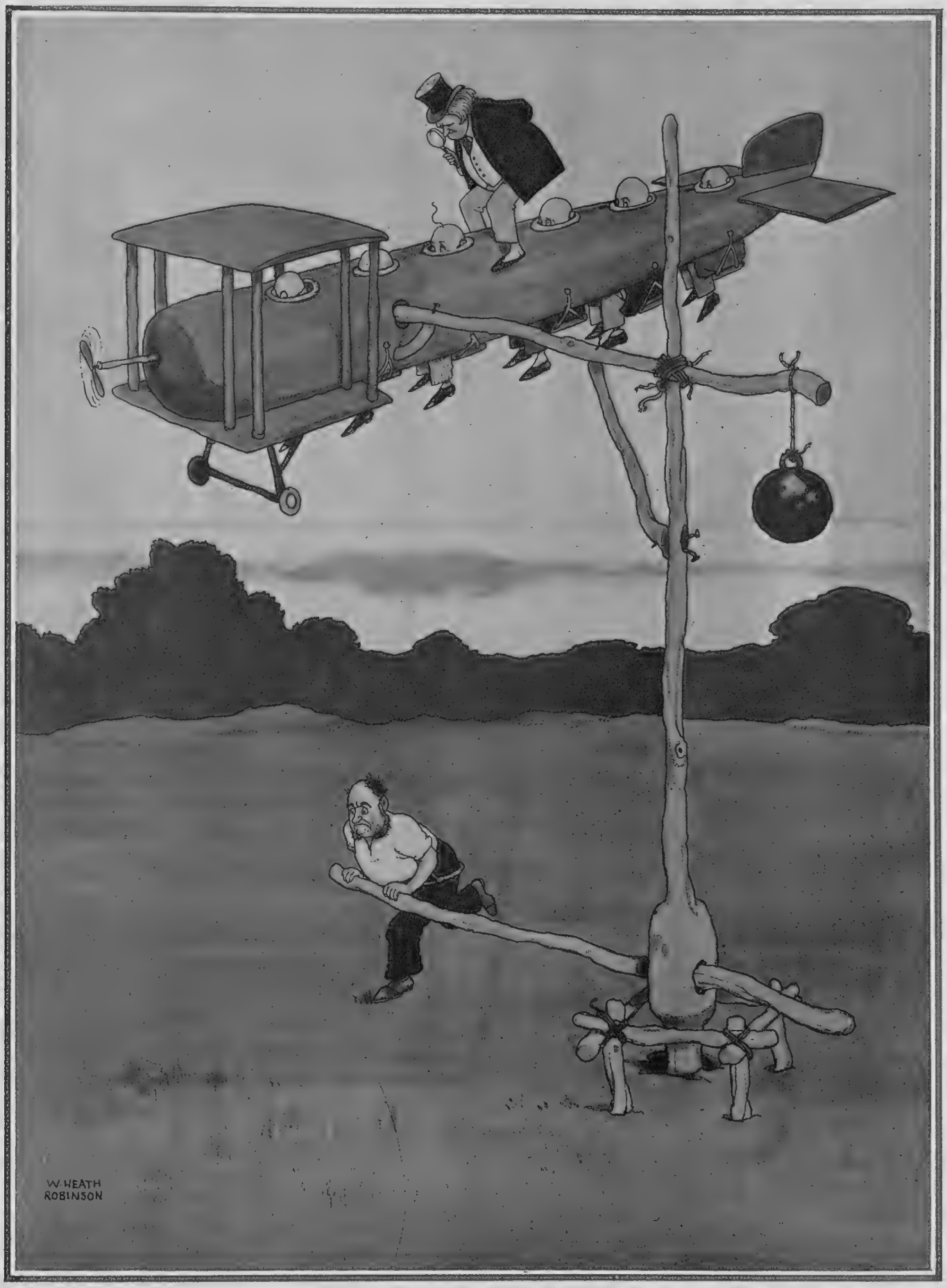


THE HEALTHY BODY

By STAN TERRY

NOUVEAU RICHE (*choosing sports model*): "I'll 'ave this one if you'll make sure the drains are all right"

Another Hair-Raising Stunt



BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

In view of the report from America that the recent round-the-world flight is a cure for baldness, we have pleasure in publishing Mr. Heath Robinson's device for attaining the same result by a similar but less expensive process

"THE FOOL" AT THE APOLLO

Produced Sept. 18, 1924

By "JINGLE"

Illustrated by MACMICHAEL

THIS is the usual kind of gospel according to the street-corner soap-box orator, with a bit of Christian Science thrown in for dramatic effect. "The Fool" is Daniel Gilchrist, a young man of sincere convictions, who thinks that, like Hamlet, he was born to set the world right. We see him first at the "Church of the Nativity" in New York, where the congregation is apparently made up of wealthy business men and their fashionable wives. Although it is Christmas Eve, and a cold night at that, he comes into the Church without an overcoat, explaining in reply to a question, that he has just given the overcoat away to a poor "Jew" in the street. A little later on the significance of the poor "Jew" is revealed to us. A figure is faintly discernible in the gloom, and a rich voice appeals to Gilchrist to carry on the good work he has begun. We are to infer that the voice is that of the Christ.

AGAINST the advice of his Rector, Gilchrist is resolved to preach a Christmas sermon to his fashionable congregation in terms that most of its members cannot but regard as a direct personal insult. But Gilchrist is a young man; and he therefore knows he is right. He proposes to tell his congregation of representative business men that the course they have considered proper and honourable for fifty years and more is all wrong, and that they are in consequence miserable sinners indeed. On the principle, perhaps, that the greater the truth the greater the libel, the fashionable congregation is not inclined to take the insult lying down, and the young man's candour costs him his job.

GILCHRIST is a man of considerable means, which, in obedience to the Scriptural injunction, he is in course of distributing among the "poor." Clare Jewett, the young lady to whom he is engaged to be married, protests against this mistaken generosity, since she is about to become a first charge upon his assets. She hears that only yesterday he gave away twenty thousand dollars, which, at even the old rate of exchange, was a substantial Christmas-box. Clare is very fond of the young man, but she is equally partial to costly furs and motor-cars, and she not improperly reminds Gilchrist that he has no right to ask her to share his life if he intends deliberately to steer for a state of dismal poverty. But Gilchrist will not yield, and Clare goes away and marries a rich man instead. Such a proceeding, being strictly in accordance with the frail human nature made and provided for us, cannot honestly be reprehended. But Clare is made to pay a bitterly cruel price for her "mistake."

HAVING left the Church, Gilchrist sets up in business as a private philanthropist, and the rest of the play presents a series of violent contrasts designed to show that the manual labourer is the downtrodden victim, while the rich and successful man of business is his oppressor. There is nothing new in any of the arguments. We are treated to the old tag: "From every man according to his ability, and to every man according to his need." The trouble is that it is usually the man with the least ability whose need is the greatest. Gilchrist's trustee, Mr. Goodkind, takes the young man into his business. In due course there is the indispensable strike which Gilchrist proposes to settle on fantastically impossible terms; while Mr. Umanski, as one of a deputation to

Mr. Goodkind, explains his personal grievance noisily, and at some length.

MR. UMANSKI is a coal-miner, and he becomes at once a sympathetic figure, because we are all agreed that the men who do the dangerous work of coal-mining can hardly be too highly paid. Perhaps if we were coal-owners we might take a different view; but it is so easy to spend the other fellow's money. Umanski complains that he has worked in his employer's mine twelve hours every day for thirty years. He had to leave home in the morning before his baby was awake, and did not return till after baby had been put to bed. Some men would envy his luck, especially round about teething-time; but do not let us frivol with a solemn theme. At the same time, we feel entitled to ask Mr. Umanski why, if coal-mining was not to his taste, he did not try and scratch out into some less exacting line of business.

CURIOUSLY enough, the author supplies, by way of an anti-climax, the answer to such a question. Gilchrist presently finds a more congenial job for Umanski, who goes about proudly asserting that he now works, not twelve, but fourteen hours a day—eight for his boss and six for himself. Precisely. But if he had done those fourteen hours a day as a young man—twelve for his boss, and two for himself—he might have been able to find a better job off his own bat. The fault is not in our stars but in ourselves that we are underlings. But we must let Mr. Umanski go, merely remarking that he is very finely represented indeed by Mr. Edmund Willard. We want the stage for Mary Margaret.

GILCHRIST has founded a "shelter" for the needy. It is called "Overcoat Hall," chiefly because garments of that sort are distributed to applicants who have not succeeded in stealing them first. Mary Margaret is the little maid-of-all-work at the Hall. She is a delicate creature who hops about on crutches, and admirers of "sob stuff" ask for no more than a feature of this kind. Mary Margaret is quite brilliantly represented by Miss Sara Sothern, who gives a distinctive charm to the wistful little creature. Gilchrist tells the child some of the old fairy tales now and then, and she listens with the whole-hearted delight of the fascinated juvenile. But in spite of all his good works Gilchrist has made enemies. To begin with, Clare Jewett, who married a rich man, comes to tell her first lover that her husband is faithless, and a hopeless drunkard besides, and she wants to leave him. Gilchrist advises her to go back; but not before her husband's family have given him a very clear hint to keep off the grass.

HENRY AINLEY AS DANIEL GILCHRIST

SARA SOTHERN AS MARY MARGARET

OLGA LINDO AS PEARL HENNIG

BUT there is another woman, the wife of a not very reputable workman, Pearl Hennig. She has not only left her husband, but has fallen from grace entirely. She comes one evening to warn Gilchrist that her husband suspects him of having worked her downfall, and is coming round shortly to do the good man in. As a fact, Mr. Hennig arrives shortly afterwards on the scene with several of his pals, and Gilchrist is knocked out by the combined slog of about twenty hefty bruisers. And all the while the fight is going on, Mary Margaret, in a special spot of limelight all to herself, is seen to be on her knees praying with the desperate energy of a swiftly-moving steam-hammer. When Gilchrist is finally down for the count, Mary Margaret rushes towards him realising all at once that she can run without her crutches. What with her frenzied prayers and the goodly presence of Gilchrist, a miracle has been performed for her. Someone calls aloud that they are in the Divine Presence, and those who came to scoff remain to pray.

IN the last act the author supplies another of his anti-climaxes. When rich people have told Gilchrist about the large sums they have given in charity he has always taunted them with the charge that they gave away after all only of their superflux, and did not part with anything they needed for themselves. And at the finish we see Gilchrist seated in a cosy armchair in a comfortably furnished room, before a pleasant fire, while the walls are lined with the books of his choice. It is in fact the ideal "den" of the average peaceful-minded sinner. Mr. Henry Ainley does all that is possible with the part of the saintly prig; but there must be times when even he must feel that the author has been coming it a bit strong. Still, the play contains the adroit mixture of religion and sex that usually appeals to the popular taste, and it may for that reason be a success.

JINGLE

EDMUND WILLARD AS UMANSKI, A STRONG AND NOT A BIT SILENT MAN, CAUSES A LITTLE EXCITEMENT IN FINANCIAL CIRCLES

LESSER LIGHTS

By
E. P. LEIGH-BENNETT

Illustrated by HOWARD K. ELCOCK

IV.
HAMBONO PUBLICO

"Everyone is obliged to appear in coster 'clobber'"

Ye Old Ham Bone Clubbe, as they now call it, has been faithfully dealt with by an amused Press in its early stages of fame and growing fortune. But in the last year so popular has the place become that they have had to increase the premises in Ham Yard to about twice the size. It should have been called, when it was enlarged, the Hambono Publico, because it has a large public who benefit greatly by membership. The popularity of this very unconventional and, therefore, interesting *endroit* of the casual peoples is in no small measure due to a series of periodical "birthday nights."

With the slightest encouragement, some leading light of this Bohemia, usually George Hill, the titulary head of the very profitable business of whom more anon, will discover that his birthday is looming into the foreground of things—or, if it isn't, he will say it is, and a "night" begins to be organised and advertised to members of the club accordingly, and in a manner peculiarly their own. For instance on Friday, June 13 (which they add on the handbills is their lucky day), owing to some unfortunate person having been born about fifty years ago, a "Coster Beano" is set on foot. Everyone is obliged, on pain of exclusion from the revelry, to appear in coster "clobber," or in other words, clothes. And it is a curious thing when a lady dons a pair of grey flannel trousers and a striped rugger jersey how closely she can resemble the "Sally of Our Alley," dancing round the proverbial barrel-organ. I took a well-known London editor to witness the jousting and carnival of this particular night, and although we both camouflaged ourselves, as far as in us lay, to the semblance of costers, he, at least, looked and felt like a prize gold fish that had hopped out of its glass bowl. But we, of course, were not of the elect.

"A Coster Beano"

Once they had a Spanish evening, and warned their *clientèle* of its advent thus: "Ladies are requested to forget to carry stilettos and knives in their garters—a rose worn over the ear is much more deadly." . . . "Ladies are requested *not* to wear clocks on their stockings in case Spanish members may be under misapprehensions." . . . "The Management regrets that many important adjuncts of Spanish life, such as dust, donkeys, droughts, cannot be supplied, neither can chinchas, pulgas, lizards, etc.; the climate of Piccadilly being too cold for their constitution." "The usual fotografios by Señor Billo Bailyo." . . .

They announced a Naval Night as "a Naughty-cal Occasion," thus: "Vice-Admiral George Hill, P.T.O. O.K., N.B.G., R.S.V.P., S.W.1, orders a parade of Ship's Company *only* (no guests) on board H.M.S. Ham Bone to celebrate her third year afloat. . . ." "Hands will be washed and piped at precisely 8 bells or 2 nautical knots and a fathom to 7 o'clock p.m., or thereabouts, and the boat will be pushed out until 2 a.m. or quite 30 or 40 bells." . . . "Full naval dress, stars, garters and sock suspenders will be worn, and improperly dressed shipmates will not be allowed over the gangway unless they are ladies." . . . "A royal salute of 300 popping corks will be fired as the good ship sails into Thursday, at which signal Admiral (promoted)

(Continued on page 188)

A "Howling" Success

Photograph *Foulsham and Banfield*

MISS PATRICIA SIEMS

Introducing the savage note into the amenities of the Piccadilly Revels by means of the "Hottentot Trot." The dance apparently draws its inspiration from the lordly and majestic race which graces South Africa with its inartistic presence

George Hill will fall off the quarter-deck again and dive straight into the Crypt." . . . " Landlubbers, piratical stockbrokers, half-boiled shirts and Abes posing as A.B.'s will be promptly strung up at the Ham Yard arm. Ship's company only." . . .

Now, however vapid and senseless all this may sound to a man reading his BYSTANDER outside an hospitable crofter's cottage in the Isle of Skye, there is, nevertheless, a subtle psychological effect upon people of a type to whom is announced the imminence of " a rag." The sort of jolly people who belong to this well-known lesser nightlight of London are at once intrigued at the prospect of participating in something out of the ordinary; and the crush of dancers and innocent revellers on these hambonical nights is phenomenal. It is unlike anything else to be seen in this country, is a " Night " at the Ham Bone Club. It is not Bohemia in the strict sense of that term, since many members are quite reasonably affluent as affluence goes these days. Nor is it purely the art world as it was meant for when it started. The club is rather, I always feel, for those who want a *cache* in the heart of the West End wherein they can be entirely at ease; where they can mope if they feel like moping, sing if they feel like it, dance if a partner beckons, or sit stolidly indifferent round the room, while the little world within these old London walls whirls on—and on.

Personally, I used to like the Ham Bone better when it was half its present size and when one danced on a knotty deal floor and quarrelled with people for a seat at supper. But the growing popularity of the place broke down walls and erected staircases and threw out more rooms in the manner that such things invariably happen. Besides in those days we had not got " Dickie."

Her real name is Dorothy Dixon—but that matters not, because the whole world calls her " Dickie." An interesting woman. Sitting at the piano at the far end of a large room you would say it was a man, for she disports some of the outward and visible semblances of manhood in her collars and ties, and her hair, which is cut like yours and mine. But, as is so often the case with this sort of pose, there is nothing unfeminine about her. On the contrary. She has a marvellous touch upon the piano. She sings American ragtime like a Yankee. She goes on for hours without ever glancing at her piano and without ever repeating her melody; and if you sit on the infrequently vacant chair by her side she will talk to you all the time she is playing so faultlessly with all the charm of a sympathetic woman to whom your petty troubles are her own big ones. She has her own jazz orchestra, which she leads, when not busy here, at bigger dances elsewhere. And she can hold her own in any company of familiar males or jealous females with a twit of tongue and a smiling sarcasm that stamps her as a personality quite unusually attractive. Dickie will make a name for herself before long—if she doesn't marry. And if she marries, her husband will make a name for himself. She will see to that.

The lasting and outstanding personality of this queer but undimmed Light of London is that remarkable autocrat of the supper-table, George Hill. I have never been able to grasp whether the place belongs to him or he to the place. Not that it matters anyway. He permeates it with his *bonhomie* presence all night and every night and is alleged to paint pictures in the daytime, which I find difficult to believe in view of his nocturnal activities in a tireless endeavour to make other people happy and comfortable.

At the risk of being thought to dwell too much on the significance of personality, one must say that George would run a dance club successfully in Iceland. That he has worked up the Ham Bone until it is now a landmark of London is sufficient proof of what charm of manner can do in the face of fierce competition, and the counter attractions spread nightly before that restless race of people who seem seldom to go to bed before impending dawn.

I believe he was also responsible for the inception of the club's monthly magazine, read with avidity and amusement by members, which is not surprising, for here is one " rag " advertisement picked haphazard from many in its pages:

" For Sale, Theatrical Enterprise: Splendid opp.: 'Saccharine Sue' Revue. Solid staircase. Complete scenery. Movable Moon. Four chairs. One table (real legs). All costumes. Manager; two dressers and all messengers; three comedians; one leading lady; fifteen chorus girls. Goodwill only £15 (took £7 in Cleethorpes in Jan., 1913, in two weeks ! !). Must be sold at once. Pres. owner leaving imm. for S. Africa with sensation of the age. 'Aaron—the Jew with the Snub Nose.' . . . "

Many well-known writers have contributed to this little magazine; and some very well-known people belong to the club for which it caters. They like it—because it is amusing. That is all. But it is enough.

Photograph *Stage Photo Co.*

VIEWING THE BODY

The Prehistoric scene from " Karma," the Cyril Scott ballet in " Charlot's Revue" at the Prince of Wales Theatre. Phyllis Monkman, as Ula, is lying on the altar, whilst Henry Kendall at the back, and Juliette Compton—complete with un-prehistoric footwear—in front register appropriately deep emotion

BY HIGGINS

THE NEW ARRIVAL

FOLLOWING THE MASTER: AN IMP

PRESSIONISTIC FANTASY BY BLAM

The Sins of Society

BY HAROLD BEARDS

"Now, I want you to save me an extra supply of flowers next week. My daughter Kathleen is coming out, you know"

"Thank you, mum, I'll save 'er the very best. Poor thing! Whatever was she put in for?"

PARISIANA By "René"

ILLUSTRATED BY MARCEL PONCIN

MES AMIS—

WE (speaking municipally) have solved a very distressing problem. It concerns divorce. The great trouble about divorce was that it cost so much. It was practically limited to the section which is known as the idle rich. Few others had the time and the money, however well they might be provided with inclination. It was obviously unfair that only the rich should be able to effect a change of *ménage* when it was felt to be necessary. So now we have devised a system of divorce "on tick."

THIS, manifestly, is packed with potentialities. Remember what happened about pianos. The establishment of payment by instalments brought a piano into every cottage. Harmony reigned in the home, or so people said. Except the neighbours. Well, it may be just like that with divorce. No need for the perpetuation of discord when an agent will obtain a speedy severance, and you can pay for the parting at leisure. And for those who have been afflicted with a shrew, I suppose it will be a periodical pleasure to write out a monthly cheque for the agent and recall from what penance he has delivered them.

BUT I can see the probability of book-keeping worries for the enterprising agent. Think of those who have an American *clientèle*. Already rich Americans make a habit of coming to Paris for the annual divorce. They, of course, pay cash. But if the less wealthy ones develop a custom of coming also, then the number of their divorces may easily get ahead of their monthly payments. You can see the dubious agent consulting his books, when there is a further call for his services, and remarking, "*Patientez un peu*, Monsieur. I think this is a case for a reconciliation with Mrs. Ferlighty, at least until you have paid for the last two divorces."

THE authorities have made full preparations for a busy season of divorces at the Palais de Justice, including the caging-off of the applicants. Hitherto, although husbands and wives had to sit apart, they were in dangerous proximity and, not infrequently, an overwrought wife would bound over into the men's section and box the ears of the erring one; or a *bouillant* husband would leap among the women to tell them what sort of vixen they had among them. In future they will only be able to glare at one another through a grille.

"Including the caging-off of the applicants"

MENTION of the courts reminds one of the *ennuis* of Mistinguett. Mistinguett, the leading *vedette* of the Paris music-hall, is, like Charlie Chaplin, vehemently opposed to the imitation of the very distinctive style she has created. Imitation may be flattery, but only up to a certain point. After that—when the emulator begins to attain success—it becomes *agaçant*. And "Miss," who has a very rough edge to her tongue on occasion, wastes no effort on concealing her views.

"Reduced to doing the 'waiting' himself"

WHEN she quarrelled with the management of the Casino de Paris and went off to America, the regretful Casino *habitués* were introduced to an artiste with the propitiatory name of Mismarguett, who also could sing doleful songs of "outer boulevard" sentiment, with an equally raucous voice and who also had a dog, like "Alfred." She did not possess the wonderful legs—insured for untold millions of francs—which are inimitable, but she did surprisingly well towards making up for the absence of the roamer, and it is not difficult to sympathise with Mistinguett.

ON her return she considered taking proceedings for the employment of a name so closely resembling her own, but she was advised that she would have no case. Recently, however, another establishment advertised Mismarguett as the *double hallucinant de Mistinguett*, and when the latter asked for her name to be deleted, this was refused. This time "Miss" feels confident she has a "case," and Paris is eagerly awaiting

the appearance of the two rivals before the court. As one who has enjoyed Mistinguett's highly coloured language in her picturesquely decorated "home," I hope she will state the case herself. I shall certainly be among the audience, though there will probably be standing room only.

"Le supplice de l'eau chaude"

THOSE gay tourists who might be attracted to the Théâtre des Deux Masques by the appealing title, *Une Nuit d'Amour*, should be warned that it is based on the old proverb that there's many a slip 'twixt the soup and the *soupirant*. Forewarned, they should still be able to enjoy it, for the authors have introduced plenty of wit into their new version of an old idea. After many failures, a persevering young fellow has induced a *célèbre comédienne* to come round to his place for dinner, and, as she has sent her car away, he imagines, with apparent justification, that he is about to have a very pleasant evening indeed. Until the soup arrives. In the maid who brings the soup the *comédienne* recognises her long-lost sister. Naturally she insists on her sitting down to dinner with them, and in the absorption of *souvenirs du pays* the lad with the lost hopes is reduced to doing the "waiting" himself. *Il y a pire*. The *comédienne* claims the bedroom for herself and her sister, and the disillusioned *soupirant* has to retreat to the servant's room, *au sixième*.

"Prefer to gather the joys of the moment."

WE are promised something rather smart for the next revue at the Palace. The sub-title, *Le Bagne Normand*, inspired by Albert Londres's wonderful book on the *bagne* (penal settlement), furnishes the opening for a lot of good punning on *bagne* and *bain* and their derivatives. The *bagne Normand* is, of course, Deauville, with M. Cornuché as guardian of such *bagnards* as Marthe Régnier, Maud Loty, Baron de Rothschild and M. Maurice Rostand. One of the punishments of the convicts is *le supplice de l'eau chaude* in the form of tea at the Potinière. Many quite intelligent French people, of course, still regard tea as a medicinal drink like camomile, and merely submit to it because it is *chic*. Personally, although I *have* got up early enough at Deauville to take afternoon tea at the Potinière, I don't remember whether it was good or bad, but it is certain that all English people would agree that the tea of most Deauville and Paris cafés is a *supplice*.

YOU are aware, because it has been necessary to mention it so often, that the principal, almost the exclusive, topic of discussion in Paris is the high cost of living—"higher still and higher." Well, wonder of wonders, it has been laid down that it is not the profiteers at all who are to blame, but the consumer. The unwitting humorist who unearthed this secret is, I believe, one of those Radical Ministers, who, when in Opposition, promised to bring an end to *la vie chère* if only they were given a majority, and now, being in office, of course looks on the problem from the other side. He says people are now eating too much meat and drinking too much wine, the once abstemious public prefers to *cueillir les joies du moment*, forgetful of the morrow. Delightful fellow! Why should the poor eat? Our experience is that, very soon, all that will be left of the *consommateur* is *consommé*.

RENÉ

Sent to Coventry—Street

The Café de Paris, which has no connection with the gay city except its name—and, of course, its spirit—has won a large public of its own during the few months of its bright existence in Coventry Street. Watching pretty Joan Pickering dance the other night, I caught sight of Princess Bibesco, Lord Portarlington, the Earl of Sefton, Lord Molyneux, Sir John and Lady Dashwood, and Major Bouth. This week an attractive pair of exhibition dancers from Vienna, whose real identities are hidden under their names of "André and Denise," is the star turn of the cabaret.

The Midnight Follies at the Metropole

Some impressions, by Miss Helen McKie, of the Midnight Follies' Autumn Edition. The new show at the Metropole, produced as usual by Carl Hyson, includes those two quondam Co-Optimists, Miss Elsa Macfarlane and Miss Babs Valerie—still very optimistic—Frank Tinney, Miss Marjorie Spiers and Miss Enid Stamp-Taylor. And as the cabaret is one of the best dressed in town, with some excellent examples of the sincerest form of flattery, there is no need to worry about hearing the words

A Pictorial Pot-Pourri from the Sport

Photograph *Sport and General*

ALL THE WINNERS

The Surrey County Team which won the Ladies' County Championship at Cooden Beach for the fourth successive year. The group shows—Front row: Miss P. Read (left), Miss E. E. Helme, Miss Joyce Wethered, Miss Hunnewell, and Mrs. Lodge. Back row: Mrs. Finlay, reserve (left), Mrs. Deane and Mrs. Latham Hall

Photograph *I. B.*

A KITH AND KIN WIN

W. L. Hartley (left) and R. W. Hartley, who recently won the London Amateur Foursomes at Addington for the second successive year. In the finals they beat the veterans, H. E. Taylor and E. Blackwell, by 5 and 2

Photograph *Topical*

"RAILS ARE FIRM"

Mrs. Martin Morrison (left) and Mrs. Steel putting the rails to good use at the Autumn meeting held recently at Thirsk

Photograph *J. C. H. Balmain*

AT NORTH BERWICK

Miss Dorothy Pim on the links at North Berwick with the Hon. Lionel Tennyson who, on this occasion, was *not* out for a big score!

Photograph *British Illust.*

RACE PROBLEMS

The Hon. Mrs. Borwick (left), Mrs. Thorn, and the Hon. George Borwick discussing "the horse, and his chances," at the recent Cardiff meeting

Centres Showing Those Who Were There

Photograph *Alfieri*

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF RACING

Lady Ebrington (left), the Hon. Sylvia Portman, Colonel Spencer and the Hon. Edward Portman, at the Stratford-on-Avon Steeplechases where, apparently, not *all* Englishmen take their pleasures sadly

Photograph *Sport and General*

GOOD FORTUNE FROM THE CARDS

Captain Hicks (left), Miss Mann Thompson, Miss Neilson and Mrs. Neilson at the Stratford-on-Avon Steeplechases. On occasions such as these a study of the cards often proves well worth while

Photographs

OUT OTTERING

Miss Roper left', Capt. Gratrell, Miss Crampton, Mr. Roper and Miss Wheatley at a meet of the Crowhurst Otterhounds at Bramley. The close of the season, which extends from May to October, does not appear to have affected their spirits

Alfieri

IN SHAKESPEARE'S COUNTRY

Lord and Lady Westmorland at the Stratford-on-Avon 'Chases. The meeting was well attended and some good racing was seen

ELYSIAN FIELDS

were supposed, in Homer's legend, to be on the West of the Earth—a favoured land, free from disturbing elements, where Heroes passed without dying . . . There is in the West of our London a place which few can pass. Bright, cheerful, comforting, so complete in all the things that make Heroes—and others—want to live. A veritable Elysium. The

Trocadero

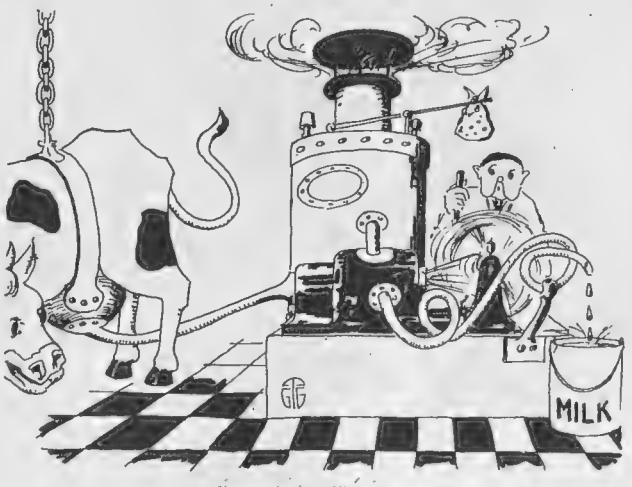
WITH FAULTLESS SERVICE

THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS RESTAURANT.

CONCERT TEAS EACH AFTERNOON IN THE EMPIRE ROOM.

J. Lyons & Co. Ltd. Proprietors

YOGO HAMA IN BUCOLIC MOOD



"Ingenious milking engines"

MOST DEAR HON. SIR—

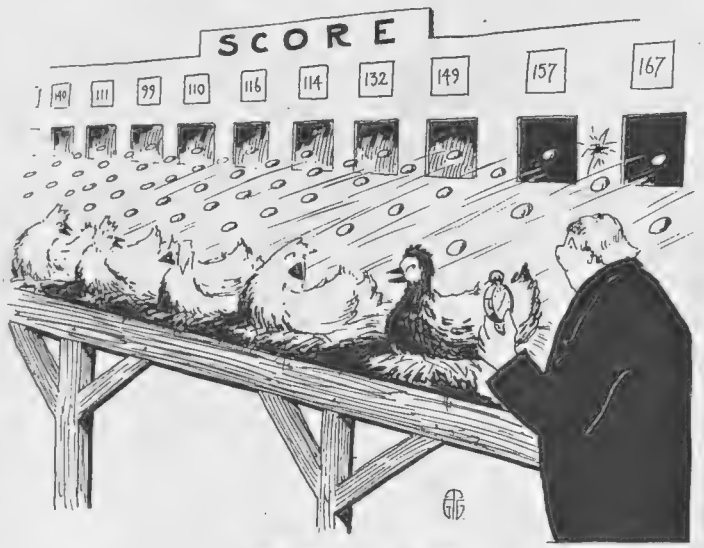
BEFORE not so very long we shall find ourselves to be face to face with 2 very national festives, also democratic because of the so commingling of the uppest and lowest classes. Here you shall witness to observe Lords, Dukes, Barts and other peerages rubbing their shoulders with cow, swine, goat and suchly herds, while very upper 10 femns make to exchange amicable hob-nobs with milking, dairy, tweeny and other assorted bucolic maids.

"Come, Mr. Y. Hama, I shall not constrain to believe the end of the world are so close in proximity as only a few days off. If you are going to prognose a millennium or suchly earthly disaster, I shall laugh you with scorn," you repart, Hon. Sir?

Ha, ha, this shows you to be a very non-informed person, otherwisely you should have tumbled to know I do not depict a millennium, but only the Royal Dairy Farm Show at the Agriculturists' Hall. You shall here see very ancient bucolics (called "gaffers") and other rustic ageds who have lived only pure and non-sophisticate lives among the mangels, wurzles and so forths, which they love and have taught to love them. Shall it not be delicious, I bemuse, to gaze at their crumpled faces, weather-beaten by frosts and gales, which have never looked on carnal sins and cabarets, but only on fresh air, pigs, poultries and suchly ecclesiastical and innocent pleasures? O yes, I bemoan, how much better it should be if we all grew to become bucolic gaffers and other simple hearts, instead of enjoying mundane sins as 7-course dinners, cocks-tails and midnight follies which only lead us to destruction in an early grave.

"Kindly, Mr. Y. Hama, to imbottle these glumpish panegyrics and produce us some brass tacks concerning re saidly Dairy Show at the Albert, Æolian, Steinway or other suitable halls," you depop?

All so well then, I shall now become very red-tapeish and produce you some goodish informations. The Dairy Show are an annular festive that comes to take place 1-ce a year to give prizes and other laurela to persons who invent the most lucrative cows, hens and pigs to produce enormous quantities of milk to the gallon. Some of these specially prepared cows can be made to emit 1,000's of gals of milk without stopping, which causes them to achieve cups and other useful trophies. These wonderful animals brew the milk so extremely fast, that human hands cannot adequately pump them and must be done by machineries in lieu. It are very delicious spectacular to observe these so ingenious milking engines depleting the cow of his chalk deposits at extraordinary miles per hour. Also these patent quadrapetals can produce butter, marg and cream by altering their works, which makes them to be economical animals and highly esteemed.

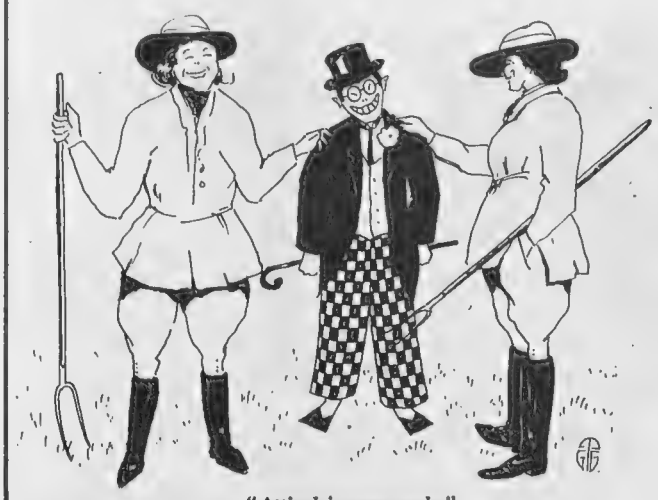


"Egg competitions for hens"

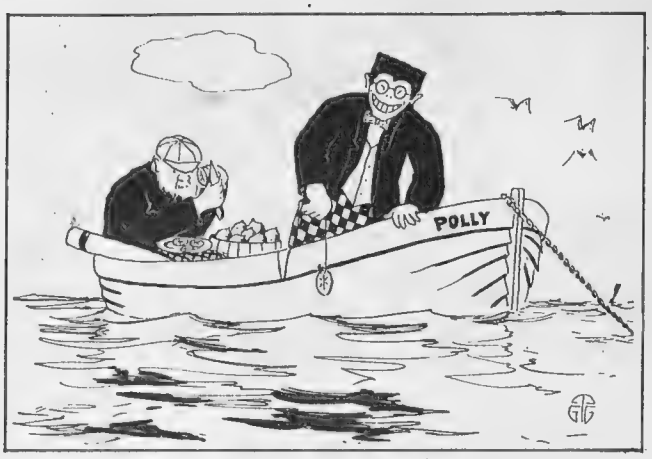
Hens have likewisely been raised to highest states of perfection. These so intelligent feathered bipeds are train to eject stupendous numbers of eggs, new-laid, fresh and cooking, at very *h.p.* speeds, instead of only 1 per a day as heretoforely. Instead of leading indolent lives like their obsolete ancestors, they now labour very hard like the bees and other lucrative animals invented for good examples to man. Thusly not any persons should miss to witness the egg competitions for hens to see who can eject most numerous eggs in an hour. They must all be new-laid, otherwisely the hens are disqualified for a foul and severeishly punished for so non-sporting tactics.

The pig are also a very important dairy produce, though he does not achieve eggs and butter, but mostly rashers. He has suffer considerable number of improvements and other patents in modern years and now grows to tons of weight instead of only 1 lbs. Sometimes these pigs are called sows because their ears cannot be made into silk purses, but only shaving brushes and boots. These animals shall also provide us entertaining competitions for who can achieve the biggest tons in weight.

Another production we should strive to witness are the Land Girls, which have only been invent since 1914.



"Attired in masc perks"



"To ensnare the cunning bivalve"

Attired in masc perks like as breeches and spurs, these so heroical and Spartan fairs have renounce earthly pleasures so they may make good works such as to pump the cows, wind up the hens, scratch the pigs and perform other arduous and national pursuits. This causes them to grow so big and stern, they despise to scorn ribbons, laces, fashion garments and other effeminate delicacies. This, I consider, should make them very non-expensive for marriage, because 2 pairs of trousers should be sufficient for a family, instead of many numerous mixed garments which are very non-interchangeable, though alluring to the masc eye.

Permit I should evoke a modest afflatus.

I love to see the Land Girls in their breeches,
But hope they keep an eye upon the stitches,
How horrible disaster it should be,
If . . . . .

Ha, ha, this shall cause you to scratch your head to crack the connundrum, but I shall not tell you the answer.

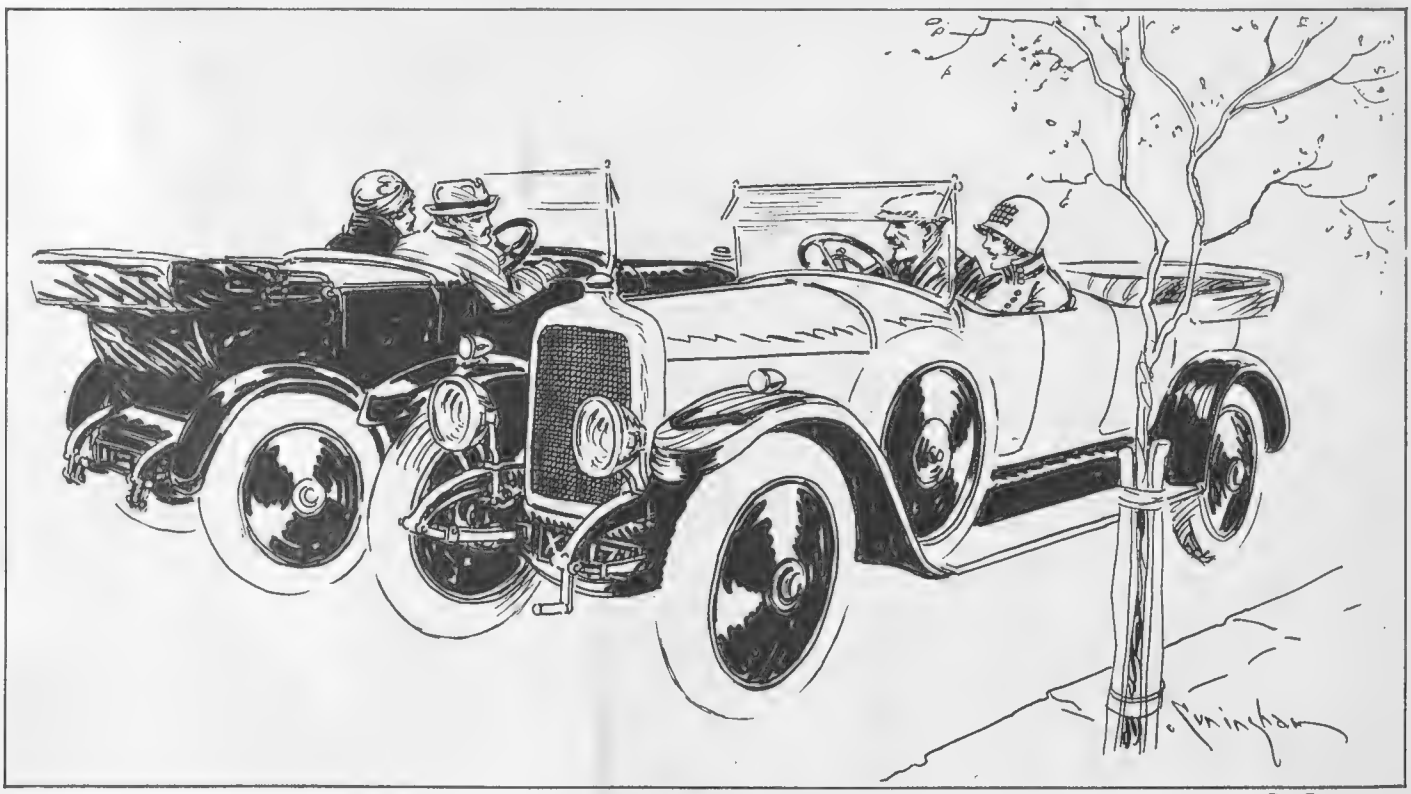
The 2-th festive are the Oyster Feastings at Colchester, Land and other lubbing persons should know that the oyster are a stone fish with 2 bivalves which he uses for teeth, also to adhere himself to rocks and other watery impediments. Armed with rods, lines, hooks and other marine weapons, the oyster-hunter seeks with lemons to ensnare the cunning bivalve.

The lemon are the oyster's favourite fruit and he will go miles to secure himself this delicacy which he can smell at long distances. The lemons are cut into smallish pieces on a hook and held above the oyster's nose, who then opens his beak and becomes impregnated on the hook. Nothwithstandingly his struggles and screams, he are dragged from his elements and killed with a blow. To celebrate the opening of the 1-st oyster, Hon. Sir Lord Mayor of Colchester and other corporation persons march to the shore with musical bands. Then, to show that oysters are edible marine produce, they consume many 100-weights while the band blows oceanic and other suitable airs. When they have eaten the agenda the survivors, if any, perform dances and other folk-lores on the sands while a bardster ejacules odes and cantatoes. Permit I should add that it are very non-legitimate to eat oysters when there is a *h* in the month, and persons who do so are heavily imprisoned.

"Consume many 100-weights"

Hoping, Hon. Sir, that your good healths continue uppermost, I remain,

Yogo Hama



By Cuningham

EGGS-ACTLY!

"I'm as hungry as a hunter—was so late for lunch that I only got an omelette"
"Oh! you don't believe *un œuf* is as good as a feast, then"

A SECRET KNOWN ONLY TO NATURE AND TÉCLA!

How many "pearls" reveal their artificial origin with too little lustre or too much. For, it is neither brilliance nor dullness that makes iridescence, but that happy medium between false extremes, the secret of which is known only to Nature-and to Técla!

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Racing Notions

By "CARBINE"

A Problem

THIS week the Cesarewitch appears to present more of a problem than ever. It has been a characteristic of the preliminaries of the race that prominent candidates have consistently failed to run up to expectations in their public trials. At one time Ceylonese was about favourite, but all his latest work on the racecourse suggests that he is not so good as he was a year ago, when he finished third to Rose Prince and Teresina. Yet I daresay that people will still back him for this week's big event on the principle of following horses for courses. Such races as the Newbury Cup and the Nottingham Handicap have been singularly disappointing as a guide to Cesarewitch prospects, and at the time of writing it is not easy to forecast which horse will be favourite at starting. The issue has been further complicated by the prevalence of coughing.

Photograph *Topical*

OFF TO THE COVERT

A scene at the opening meet of the Tanat Side Harriers, which was held at Bodynfoel Hall, near Oswestry. The photograph shows the Master, Colonel J. V. Campbell, V.C., with Mrs. Campbell, on the way to draw the first covert

A Likely Horse

IT seems a bold policy to favour the chance of a horse who has been a recent victim of the coughing epidemic, but I have an idea that Bellman will give his supporters a good run for their money. He shook off his ailment more quickly than other horses have done, and I think his trainer is satisfied with his condition. Anyway, his latest gallops have pleased the Newmarket critics. Before his preparation was interrupted, I regarded Bellman as possessing a chance second to none. You will remember the fine effort he made in the Prince Edward Handicap, and he now meets Norseman on better terms. He finished seventh in the Cesarewitch last year, and is well handicapped on that form.

My Double

IT may be recalled that nearly a month ago I recommended Bellman and Lighthouse as a likely double for the two chief autumn handicaps. Those who got on them at that time will now have considerably the best of the market. I like the double to-day just as much as I did when I put it up in these pages. All the wet weather we have had lately should be very much to the liking of Lighthouse, who revels in the soft ground. Providing the going does not harden appreciably, I shall be very sweet upon his Cambridgeshire chance.

Bellman's Chance

I AM afraid Mr. Adam Scott, who all along has been most sanguine of Jazz Band's prospects of winning the Cesarewitch, must have been badly disappointed by the horse's failure in his gallop at Gosforth Park last week. In spite of the fact that he was beaten in his trial, the North Country champion may render a good account of himself at Newmarket, and it must be borne in mind that he has not been beaten in any of his races so far this year. Still, I see no good reason for deserting **Bellman**, and he is the only selection I shall give for the race. Granted reasonably favourable weather, it should be one of the most successful weeks of the season at headquarters, for the programme simply bristles with attractions in every direction.

Photograph

BEAGLES AT

The field at the opening meet of the Worcester Park and Buckland Beagles at Mersthar of Mersthan Hou

The Middle Park

BY the end of the meeting we should be able to tell which are the best two-year-olds of the year. Some of the crack youngsters will meet in the Middle Park Stakes on Friday. **Manna** has been rather a long time on the shelf, but I expect him to make a successful reappearance here. If **Saucy Sue** is through with her coughing trouble, she ought to place the Cheveley Park Stakes to Lord Astor's credit on Wednesday, while on the following day I look for another victory for that highly promising colt, **Black Friar**, in the Prendergast Stakes. The week winds up on Saturday at Lingfield, where the presence of **Straitlace** in the Autumn Oaks is a promised attraction. In her absence GOLDEN EMBLEM may be the winner.

Hunting Notes

By ARTHUR W. COATEN

'Ware Roads

I AM afraid the slippery state of the roads is going to be a constant source of trouble and danger during the coming hunting season. In these days of tar and other preparations, nobody seems to think of the necessity of affording a reasonably secure foothold for the horses. In the course of a note I received a few days ago from a prominent West Country M.F.H., he says, "It will be a bad day for the West Country if hunting is given up, but the slippery roads threaten seriously to interfere with the sport." It has been almost an everyday occurrence for one of the hunt servants' horses to slip up on the road when going to the meet, and if something is not done for the horses a great many people will give up keeping them. A Hunt stud groom of many years' experience said the other day that he would rather work in a coal mine than take horses on some mornings to a meet of hounds on account of the dreadful condition of the roads.

Photo Illust.

MERSTHAM
ouse. **The group includes the Master, Mr. H. Graham King, Mrs. Andrew Walker, the owner d Mrs. H. Graham King**

Trapping Rabbits

A COMPLAINT comes from Pembrokeshire to the effect that rabbit-trapping destroys a large number of cubs at this time of the year. There are no hares in this country owing to the prevailing system of trapping rabbits, while partridges, pheasants, wild duck, and woodcock are also continually getting trapped. Apart from this trouble, I am glad to hear that all is well in the Pembrokeshire country. The farmers are very keen, and a great many ride out with the hounds. Those of them who are members of the Hunt wear hunt buttons on a black coat. An excellent system of control is in force in this district. The country is split up into seven areas, with a Chairman for each and a Committee chosen from the farmers. Their duties are to see to the poultry claims, wire, hunting-gates earth-stopping, etc., in their respective areas.

Photograph *Poole, Waterford*

WITH THE GRAFTON

Lord Hillingdon, the Master of the Grafton, with Lady Hillingdon at a recent meet. Lord Hillingdon has been Master since 1920

Photograph *Poole, Waterford*

A YOUNG MASTER

Lady Katherine Beresford at a recent meet of the Waterford hounds. She is a Joint Master of the pack, the other Master being her elder sister, Lady Blanche Beresford

In Ireland

THOSE keen sportswomen, the Ladies Blanche and Katherine Beresford, are going on as joint Masters of the Waterford Hounds, which are kennelled at Curraghmore, a famous name in the history of Irish foxhunting. These Waterford ladies have a good pack of thirty-five couples. There are plenty of foxes in the district, and the outlook is distinctly encouraging. I find, indeed, that the general feeling in Ireland is one of cheerful, all-round optimism.

A.W.C.

BY APPOINTMENT BY APPOINTMENT

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Great Success of BYSTANDER'S Treasure Hunt

CAN YOU FIND THE CLUES?

As we anticipated, the novel Treasure Hunt Competition initiated by THE BYSTANDER last week has attracted a good deal of attention.

And it is not surprising.

The Competition is a most entertaining one, and the fact that readers everywhere can follow the Hunt and solve the clues without in any way inconveniencing themselves was very quickly appreciated.

It is not too late to make a start now for those who missed last week's announcement.

Quest No. 1, with its accompanying Treasure Hunt Coupon for filling in the clues, was given in last week's issue, and if you do not succeed in picking up a possible remaining copy of that number at a bookstall or your newsagent, a Postal Order for 1*s.* 2*d.* sent to the Publisher of THE BYSTANDER at Graphic Buildings, Tallis Street, E.C. 4, will bring one to you by return post. Obviously, however, the certain way of obtaining future issues is to order them now.

The prize—the hidden treasure—is £100. For those who are just starting to compete it may be as well to repeat that you can "hunt" for it in comfort, choosing your own time and place, anywhere—at home, in motor-car, train or in omnibus. *Anyone anywhere, at home or abroad,* who is familiar with London or has an informative map or guide to the Metropolis, can enter with equal zest, assured of an equal chance of running the treasure to its hiding-place.

SO SIMPLE

The idea is quite simple. Two Country Cousins on their first visit to London, called on us for advice as to visiting certain places. We have arranged that they shall go to these places in their own way and that they shall describe their journeyings briefly, though perhaps a little mysteriously, indicating certain points of special interest without naming them.

These "certain points" will provide a series of clues which will ultimately lead to the treasure.

All you have to do to be in the running is to study Quest No. 2 on this page (Quest No. 1 appeared in last week's BYSTANDER), and to travel with our Country Cousins in your imagination, trying to discover the names of the Clues hidden in the underlined and numbered sections of their description. Of course, if you live in London you will find additional diversion by making the actual journey described.

QUEST No. 2

Pursuing our way from the point we finally reached last week we came upon a great shrine of the devout, (1) and then, drifting aimlessly on, we passed a reminder of a famous Queen.(2) From this point, a short walk brought us to the Doors of Affluence.(3) Not being invited to enter, we continued our way and arrived at a spot now beautiful, but once infamous in history.(4) Then turning round, we proceeded along a wide street, lined with fine shops, until we reached a place with a misleading name.(5) Crossing this, we found ourselves, after a little time, facing the building for which we were seeking—the whole world knows it and it knows the whole world.(6)

Having solved the second set of clues (as well as the first), write them clearly in the Second Treasure Hunt Coupon, printed at the foot of this page.

Two more Treasure Hunt Coupons will be published—they will appear in THE BYSTANDER only—one next week and the final one a week later. They will appear with the remaining Quests, Nos. 3 and 4, which will carry the Hunt to the Golden Goal.

Keep the coupons containing your solved clues until you have the complete set of four. The closing date and directions for posting will be published with the last coupon.

RULES

OF THE TREASURE HUNT

1. All attempts must be made on our Treasure Hunt Coupons neatly cut from THE BYSTANDER.

2. Competitors may send in as many sets of coupons as they please, but each set must be fastened together, and will be treated as a separate entry.

3. The Editor has the right to disqualify any Competitor for what he may consider good and sufficient reason, and his decision regarding any question relating to this Competition must be accepted as final, and legally binding by all Competitors.

4. No responsibility can be accepted for any Coupon lost, delayed, or mislaid. Proof of posting will not be regarded as proof of delivery or receipt.

5. Unstamped or insufficiently stamped entries will be refused.

6. No correspondence can be entered into respecting this Competition.

TREASURE HUNT COUPON.

SOLUTIONS TO QUEST No. 2

*Clue 1*_____ *Clue 4*_____

*Clue 2*_____ *Clue 5*_____

*Clue 3*_____ *Clue 6*_____

I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final and legally binding.

*Competitor's Name*_____

*Address*_____

NOTE.—Write in Ink and Block Letters only, and cut out Coupon neatly round the border line.

RUGGER RAGGINGS

THE ALL-BLACK BUSINESS.

By "PENDARVES"

We formed a Committee of Private Inquiry to look into this All-Black business. You see, some of us think we may be chosen to represent London when these New Zealanders descend upon the Citadel. Not I, not in these—er—not at my age, but one or two of us are star performers, men, don't you know, who when holding forth about a game in the club's smoking room, enjoy that pin-dropping silence which is only given to the really great, or the really rich.

So we girt our loins, or whatever it is people do who travel in over-heated football trains, and journeyed to Leicester to see "the Tigers" give battle. There was a great deal of acrimonious discussion interspersed with the card playing going down. One of our party had been mauled by these All Blacks already when playing for Somerset, and was playing for Leicester to-day. So, naturally, when he spoke, we listened with all our ears—personally I am only gifted with two, but "all" implies wrapt attention. The record to date, he said, was a series of scrambling wins. Devon 11—0. Somerset, 6—0. Gloucester, 6—0. These on grounds whereon the ball resembled a piece of wet soap. Cornwall, 29—0. Swansea, 39—3. Newport, 13—10—these on dry grounds, "and you see, chaps, they only just scrambled home against Newport; and *we* can give Newport a shaking up on occasions. . . ." What he would not admit was that the All Blacks on the Newport day had a weak side out.

However, I could see that it was useless to argue with these wise-acres and prophets. The only thing to do was to study the matter oneself and keep one's own counsel. The word was whispered round the Stand that the Enemy had got a poorish side out to-day—ah! They were under-estimating the quality of the Tigers—good enough; "shove up a bit ol'boy, you can't occupy three seats, although you are a blooming journalist."

What many people did not notice, and what came to the wretched writer's ears (both of them) by devious channels of communication was the fact that the New Zealand captain on seeing the 35,000 people in the Stands suddenly realised this was an important match, and as suddenly altered the whole composition of his side.

It must be very pleasant for the captain of a Rugger side to have about thirty men hanging about with handbags, and to be able to point to this man and to that, like they used to do to us at school, and say "go and change." But it is not exactly encouraging to a not too strong opposing team.

Of course, the All Blacks have a War Cry. This battle melody, sung in a crouching or bending position before the kick-off has a psychological effect on some of the opponents, and thrills the ladies in the 3*s*. 6*d*. seats to the—very considerably. It has a discomforting effect on the young player, who has only just got his place in the team, and knows it; and it has a pessimistic effect on the old player who has had his place in the team quite long enough, and knows that too. What I can't understand is why Swansea and Newport, with their great vocal powers, did not respond with "Land of Our Fathers" in slow time, the entire population standing bareheaded. This would have made some of the All Blacks wish they had never left Auckland.

The play began, and the judicial Committee settled down to deal with it. The first thing that occurred to me, after about ten minutes whirlwind play, was that the New Zealand side of 1924-25 on a dry ground can be likened only to a thoroughly well-trained public school side of the Fettes or Loretto quality, with about twenty stone of hardness and weight added to it, and tactics of a doubtful nature deducted from any such public school side. I do not want to travel from London to Leicester and back to see fifteen free kicks given against our Colonial friends for flagrant infringements of the rules.

I will not bore you with the findings of our Committee beyond saying that summed up briefly they were these: That it was not a very inspiring sight to see G. G. Porter the New Zealand half get home a half hook to John Russell's jaw. But that it was distinctly edifying to see old John respond with a straight left a bit lower down. That on that day's form there are only two teams in Britain that are going to beat the All Blacks: England and Ireland—and possibly Wales if she bucks up a bit. This because the two former have got heavy, fast, bullocking forwards. That any side who hopes to beat them, on a dry ground (England will kill them if it is wet at Twickenham) must have forwards most of whom can do the 100 yards in something near 10, and go on doing it. That they are the hardest team, from a knock-out point of view, that has played on our grounds since 1905; Gallagher's XV were just as hard. That you can't stop *any* of them if you attempt to collar above the waist-line—it is useless. These Maoris are made of marble.

One small grain of comfort had I in their dressing-room afterwards (where, by the way, they are charming fellows), when one of them told me, almost with tears in his voice, that at every dinner after every match some pompous old gentleman gets on to his feet and talks to them of Imperial Preference! And did I think that at the dinner in Leicester to-night?

Photograph] A SLIGHT MIX UP [*Photo Illus.*

A scene in the Field Game at Eton between the College and Mr. Rowlatt's team. The players are apparently scrumming-down, or bullying-off or looking for a lost ball or something; anyway, they seem to be kept quite busy whatever it is they are doing

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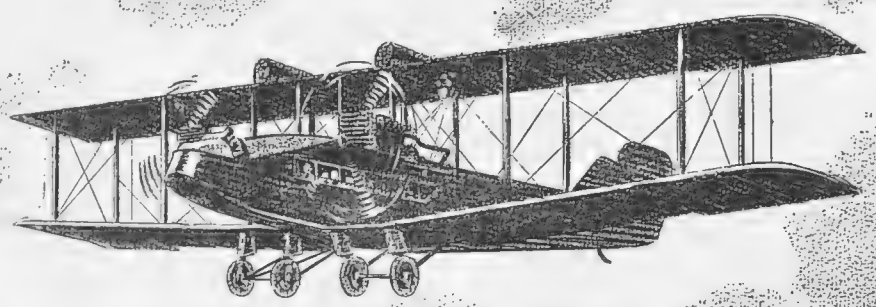

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C.F.H.

THAT ELECTION FEELING

By Blanchette *Illustrated by* HELEN McKIE

"Exclusive information"

LONDON, *October* 13

DEAR COUSIN—

FEEL all upset and sort of put off my stroke, I do, don't you, now they seem to've made up their blessed (only that's not quite the word) little minds to have a Gen. Election quite soon. The Gov'ment, I mean — 'cos, 'parently, it's all their fault, as usual . . . . after all, what else *are* Gov'ments for?

BUT this one doesn't seem one little bit repentant or anything of that sort, not by no means. 'Nfact pos'tively flings the glove in our face, so to speak, and proudly tells us to do our dashedest, or words to that effect. Which, *on dit*, is 'cos they really at the bottom of their hearts rather want it just this 'ticular time, and if they put it off we might have found out a bit too much about 'em, what?

WHILE at the clubs and pubs and offices and places I'm told it's quite too perf'ctly frightful, where the Strong and Silent Sex all get together and let 'emselves go, 'thout our restraining hand to 'mind them of better things. Special attraction of politics being, 'parently, that, like Religion and Love, everyone seems to think they've got all the best and most 'sclusive information thereon, and—what's more—that it'd be a sin and prob'ly quite fatal to the nation if they didn't let us all know the *real* truth about it all 'fore it's too late.

AND, somehow, you know, you can't be really awf'ly funny or amusing about politics. Who ever heard of an M.P. with a sense of humour ('cept, of course, T.P.)? Make rather a bit of a mess, these politics, don't they, of our quite nice little autumn season that was just beginning to get so comf'ably and pleasantly into its stride. Not that anyone really cares about these silly old elections, and I never vote meself, not being qualified . . . yet. But they *have* a way of interfering with affairs, haven't they? Like, f'rinstance, the theatres, that after a long, long slump had just picked up simply marv'lously and seemed to be settling down quite happily for a thoroughly cosy-like autumn as the days start drawing in. But when there's all sorts of meetings on at all kinds of uncomf'able hours, not to mention general idea of fuss and bustle and unrest, somehow some people don't want to go theatrewards. Necessary 'citement or dope being provided in other directions accounts for it.

"Not that anyone cares about these silly old elections"

ALSO, come to think of it, all these election meetings and things being free to all—'cept, of course, the unfortunate M.P. man who has to pay simply hundreds and hundreds to get in, to start with, and then seemingly it costs him a thousand or two a year to carry on, even in the simplest possible manner. Worth it, though, no doubt, 'specially if you're duly qualified as above, and free from all tiresome tendencies to smile unduly at things. And they do say as how there's lots of nice little pickings to be had in the way of directorships and things and what not. But it isn't ever safe, is it, to believe anything you hear—*or* more than half, at the most, of what you see.

AWFUL pity, really, about these politics, 'cos we were getting on *so* cheerfully with things, and people simply pouring into town just to 'joy themselves. Rushing in by the hundred thousand by specials from all over the place—partly, I 'spect, to see the last of Wembley, that's only got another week or so to run, and by all accounts 'll be a good old thumping loss—'mount dropped being anything from one million to six, 'cording to various estimates thereof.

BUT I do hope the poor thing'll go on next year just the same. It *has* tried *so* hard to do its little best for all of us in every poss. way—'cluding giving us all the 'maginable 'citements of puzzling out how to get home by train, with all the 'ficials telling you the wrong platform every time, just to add to the fun of it.

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(*Continued on page 210*)

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BUT let's try and forget all about this old election here in London now, shall us, seeing there's so many much more important things happening? Like, f'rinstance, the Cesarewitch this Wednesday as ever is—and I haven't made up my mind yet whether to back Jazz Band or Rose Prince or . . . . well, anyway, there's sev'ral of 'em with quite nice names. And on Friday there's the Motor Show starting—which means a whole new little world coming to town to look at the very latest things in cheap cars, reduced by £100 or so, also the other kind that you could knock quite a lot of hundreds off 'thout making 'em what you might call dirt-cheap.

卐

RATHER think, you know, 'twouldn't be at all a bad thing—much as I regret the idea of dragging any American away from his native soil—if Mr. Henry Ford were to come and visit us for just a little while. Has some cars, of course, at rather a lowish price which have put all America on wheels (if that's a virtue), but even more important is introducing a perfectly fascinating new idea of little £60 'planes that're to be turned out by the million, so's it 'll be quite worth while to fly down to Brighton and even have our sugar or breakfast bacon delivered by air. Which sort of thing, of course, Rizzi's been doing for us lately at Ciro's in the way of out-of-season foods from Paris, but—well, rather cheaper on the whole to buy the 'plane than the goods methinks.

"Haven't made up my mind which to back"

卐

TALKING 'bout food, the Hyde Park Hotel has started some d'lightful *diners dansants* on Sunday nights in that bright white and gold Louis Seize ballroom, where attention is principally directed to the *diner* part—and very nice too (said she greedily) in these days when it isn't always easy to avoid *faisan roti à la saxophone* and *pommes-pommes de terre ryithmique* as it were, what? Must 'fess I like sometimes quite seriously to dine, and 'dulged meself freely and joyously the other night in this 'orrible fash. at the St. James's Palace. Which sounds truly royal, but is, of course, just the rather extra special hotel and restaurant of that name in Bury Street. Where they're just launching out a bit, I b'lieve, in the way of dinners and things (having been previously a much quieter kind of Claridge's or Brown's). And where you can dine *sans* music (thank G——) in a lovely new San Remo room, all coloured on the walls and with lantern lights and red tassels hanging from 'em, and be pleasantly tickled as to the palate right from the *huîtres Royale* to the *pêches St. James* that bring your little (Bollinger-lubricated) effort to a triumphant conclusion.

"Dancing Sunday nights at the Hyde Park Hotel"

卐

ISN'T it too frightfully greedy—to talk like that, I mean? But am not sure I wouldn't really almost as soon have just a leisurely dinner evening (in suitable company and with, p'raps, a dance or two to follow, of course) than the snatch-your-food affair that happens when you're rushing off to a show somewhere 'fore you've had time to do any sort of justice to the ice, let alone swallow more than the merest mouthful of coffee.

卐

ESPECIALLY if it's going to be a—well, not altogether too frantically 'citing or inspiring affair like, f'rinstance, Mr. de Courville's *The Looking Glass* at the Vaudeville. Whereat I did try *so* hard to be amused, and trying's such a strain, isn't it, 'ticularly when you've made rather a noble effort to get there at all? Liked a really naughty little sketch called "Suspicion" quite the best, I did (only I daresay the Censor's knocked it out by now), and there are some of the very barest backs (not to mention sides) I've ever seen yet. . . . But *voilà tout*—and, oh! how I wished I'd dallied a bit longer over my *pêche Melba*. Apropos of which—displays, I mean—hear ears are to be shown again ('ear, 'ear!), 'cording to the latest Paris fashion,. Also, which is much more comforting and heartening, patches nicely and becomingly arranged at the appropriate spot, right in the mode once more.

卐

AND the Court's back in town, and the music season's gaily started, the Piccadilly Revels are revelling more than ever with Marquerite and Gill and Max Darewski an' all, and there's to be a perfectly good new cabaret show at the Cri-Roof soon, and real Russian ballet *à la* Diagheleff at the Coliseum next month, and Hermione Baddeley says she's writing a play with Tom Douglas (united age, thirty-seven years), so, p'raps, after all we shall be able to bear up and remain more or less frivolous, spite of that horrid old election feeling.

With love, yours ever, BLANCHETTE

Luck of the Wise

If they had to choose, sir, quite a lot of people would ask for luck rather than wisdom. But I've come to the conclusion that it's the wise who are really—ahem—the lucky ones.

Exactly, sir. Gentlemen of your discrimination don't ask for any better luck than to have discovered, at the price of ordinary cigarettes, Kensitas——*always* "as good as really good cigarettes can be."

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Kensitas

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In Oriental Array

Photograph *Nickolas Muray*

MISS RUTH ST. DENYS

The famous dancer in the striking costume of an Ouled Nail dancing girl, or some such bewitching Eastern damsel. Miss St. Denys is very much the vogue in the United States

OCHO!

by ARTHUR MILLS

"Walter was vexed. He had meant to get rid of . . ."

"COFFEE! My dear sir," the little man took a cigarette from his case with nicotine-stained and not particularly steady fingers. "Brazil is not only the greatest coffee country in the world; it is going to be the only coffee country. Wish I had some money to invest."

Walter McTavish's fingers closed firmly upon the letter of credit for £500, which he carried in his pocket.

After five years as the only son in a big business he was getting used to all sorts of people button-holing him. He stole a sideways glance at his companion. An insignificant-looking little man, named Backstaffe—probably out there in some small commercial way, and hoping to get some business out of the McTavish Steamship Co. Might even be a crook.

Walter was visiting South America for the first time. He had heard stories of booby traps laid for the unwary. Well, he was Scotch, and anyone was welcome to any change they could get out of him.

"Thanks," said Walter in reply to Mr. Backstaffe's offer, "I'll take a glass of whisky."

Backstaffe speared an olive with a toothpick, dappled it in some Worcester sauce and swallowed it.

"Ever eat 'em that way—gives 'em a nip?" he asked.

Walter did not answer (as a matter of fact he had never eaten olives with Worcester sauce)—his attention was attracted by a girl who had just come in. She wore a pale yellow frock and black hat. He wondered if she was staying in the hotel. She was a very bonnie lassie.

Backstaffe meanwhile returned to his favourite subject.

"You know what I was saying about coffee? Well, I've just met a fellow this afternoon who tells me that the Santa Maria Facienda Company are putting some shares on the market that——"

Walter lifted his glance from the girl and let it rest uncompromisingly on Backstaffe's bright red face.

"Now, this fellow I'm telling you about," Backstaffe continued, sousing another olive in Worcester sauce, "says that those shares will be going for a price that will just about cover the interest on them in three years' time."

At this moment Walter received a wireless message which was unmistakable. Aye! but her eyes had a twinkle in them! And they were the colour of bluebells, too.

It would be better to pay for the drinks and get rid of Backstaffe. Walter put his hand in his pocket.

Botheration! but he had come ashore without a cent; nothing but that letter of credit which he had buttoned in the inside of his coat. It was to last him for his travels in South America; his father had told him to be careful of it, which Walter said he surely would be.

Backstaffe saw he was troubled, and enquired the reason.

"I've come ashore with nothing but this letter of credit. Would the hotel cash a cheque on it?" he asked.

"May I see it?" Backstaffe held out his hand.

Walter cautiously unbuttoned his coat and showed it to him.

The letter was made out for £500 on the London and River Plate Bank, money payable to bearer on presentation of papers of identity.

"They might," said Backstaffe, handing the letter back, "but, look here, what do you want?"

Walter was vexed. He had meant to get rid of Backstaffe. Now he looked like being forced into borrowing money from him.

Backstaffe's little bloodshot eyes watched Walter's face anxiously. The girl in the yellow frock watched them both.

'I'll try the manager first," said Walter.

. . . . . .

Walter came back from his interview with the manager ruffled.

"They'll not cash a cheque here without they know you," he said.

"Ridiculous," said Backstaffe. "Really—I beg you—whatever you need—please."

Walter looked across at the girl. She had got her face half turned, held a looking-glass in one hand and a lipstick in the other.

"It is very good of you. Thanks most awfully." He pocketed a roll of notes. "I'll go down to the bank first thing in the morning."

"My dear fellow," Mr. Backstaffe patted Walter's shoulder.

At this moment the girl turned her head, Walter picked up the wireless again, and at the same time Backstaffe noticed her.

"Forgive me one moment." He left Walter, and walked over to where the girl was sitting, assuming a gay dog air that staggered Walter.

"Met your father last week, Miss Washburn," said Backstaffe, shaking the girl's hand, "he is up in Sao Paulo; never told me he'd left a pretty daughter at Rio; well, well, he's got something to be proud of, bless my soul, he has." Backstaffe's eyes rested unabashed on Miss Washburn's hair. "Our young friend here has just arrived; got a lot to see, hasn't he? Ought to dine at Copacabana, oughtn't he? Let's all dine at Copacabana. Go along the Avenida Atlantica; beautiful drive; five miles of sea front; finest promenade in the world. I'll order a car; and we've just got time to get out there."

The inclusion of Backstaffe in any future arrangements had not been part of Walter's plan at all. However, at the rate the little man was getting along he felt powerless to check him. Before another ten minutes a car was at the hotel entrance, and the three were in it.

. . . . . .

Walter woke next morning not quite sure how far he had been a fool. He would have to stay in Rio at least a week before he got a boat, and for that

time he had definitely admitted Backstaffe to his intimacy. Backstaffe would be sure to try and get some business out of him, and he had no business he wanted to give him. Backstaffe was all very well as a companion for an evening, but he drank too many cocktails and blathered too much to make a suitable commercial representative. He dressed and went down to the hall. Miss Washburn was already down.

"Well, I suppose you are going to spend the day sight-seeing," she said.

"I hope to see one or two things. I'll have to go down to the bank first and get some money; do you know where it is—The London and River Plate?"

She nodded. "That's my bank. I'll be going down presently."

"Capital; shall we go down together? You can show me the ropes."

They arranged to meet in the hall of the hotel at 10 o'clock.

Walter was ready first, and took up a position on the sofa where he could watch the door of the lift. He was watching with pleasurable excitement for the first glimpse of Miss Washburn's ankles, when he heard a husky cough, and a hand was laid on his shoulder.

Looking up, he saw Mr. Backstaffe. The little man had dressed himself in a fresh duck suit, which set off the extreme brilliancy of his complexion more noticeably than ever.

"Well, how are we this morning, pretty good, eh? Ready for business?"

Fearing Backstaffe would try and drag him off to see one of his friends with a coffee plantation or railway to sell, Walter explained his morning plan.

"Going to the bank. Well, now, I can go that way too; go together, shall we?"

Walter decided then and there that Backstaffe was giving him too much of his company. He said in a manner difficult for Backstaffe to mistake—

"I think we had better go separately, as I am not sure what time I shall start."

At this moment Miss Washburn appeared.

"Hullo! ready?" she asked.

Backstaffe winked at Walter in a manner conveying complete understanding.

"See you later," he said, and went out.

Walter and Miss Washburn went down to the bank together. Walter found a very obliging English cashier, who explained to him the formalities for getting his money. When the necessary papers had been signed the cashier handed him a brass disc on which the number "8" was stamped.

"You sit over on that bench," he said. "They will call your number presently, than all you have to do is to hand in that brass counter and collect your money."

"Don't you bother to wait," Walter said to Miss Washburn.

"Oh, I've nothing to do. I don't suppose they will be long."

They sat down on a bench where several other people were waiting. The clerk handing out the cash was an Argentine—a dark-skinned man, who called the numbers out in Spanish.

"*Tres: Cuatro! Cinco!*" Walter heard at intervals of a few minutes. Each time someone got up from the bench, handed in his brass disc, and drew a roll of notes.

"Blessed if I'll know when he calls my number out; I don't understand this lingo," he said to Miss Washburn.

She laughed and shook her head. "I don't, either; they'll come and tell you, I expect. Have a cigarette?" She took out her case.

Walter felt in his pocket for his matches, struck a light and held it to her cigarette. She leant forward a little too quickly, hitting the flame with the cigarette end and putting it out. Walter struck another match, this time lighting her cigarette and his successfully.

"Hullo, there is Mr. Backstaffe," said Miss Washburn; "funny little man he is."

Looking round, Walter saw Backstaffe leaving the bank. He had his eyes fixed on the door and his head averted with ostentatious tact.

"Hope I didn't snub him too bluntly this morning," thought Walter.

They waited on another few minutes.

"That money ought to be ready by now," said Walter. "I'll go and ask about it.

He went up to the Argentine cashier. The latter, being unable to speak English, could not understand him, so Walter went round the other side to find the English official he had first seen.

"Haven't they called your number yet? What was it?"

Walter felt in his pocket for the disc, remembered he had put it beside him on the bench when he lit the cigarette, went back to look for it.

It had disappeared. He returned and explained to the English clerk.

"Never mind, we'll get you another. I'll speak to the fellow handing out the money."

Walter watched the interview, saw the Argentine clerk first gesticulate, then hold out a brass disc.

The English official came over to him.

"He says he called your number out some time ago, and paid the money. Here is the disc."

"But I've never moved from that bench."

"I'll swear he hasn't," said Miss Washburn.

The clerk looked grave.

"Well, the money has been paid out. I don't see what we can do."

"Do you meant to say you've given £500 of mine to someone else, and calmly stand there saying you can do nothing about it?" said Walter.

The Argentine clerk was interviewed again. He seemed a particularly stupid man. No, he didn't remember who had drawn the £500, there had been so many coming for money that morning. It was not his business to study their faces—only to give the cash to the man who presented a check when his number was called.

"What is eight in Spanish?" asked Walter.

"*Ocho*," said the English official.

"By God!" Walter looked at Miss Washburn. "I believe I heard someone call that word just as I was lighting your cigarette, and . . . and just after that——." He stopped.

After all he had no right to accuse Backstaffe. All the same, he would get back to the Gloria Hotel as quickly as possible.

Backstaffe was in the bar of the Gloria Hotel. Walter found him there sitting in front of a plate of olives. He went up to him.

"Get your money all right?" enquired Backstaffe, pushing the olives across to Walter, and shaking some Worcester sauce over his own.

"No, I didn't; someone else did."

Walter recounted what had happened.

"Gracious," said Mr. Backstaffe. "Do you know I always thought that check system was a clumsy one. I say, look here, you must let me see you over this—just a trifle for a day or two till you can get an answer to a cable. I drew some money from the bank myself this morning." Mr. Backstaffe regarded Walter unwinkingly, and produced a thick wad of 1,000,00 reis notes.

"And do you know," said Walter, telling the story afterwards, "I'm blessed if I know to this day if he was a crook, or whether the girl was in with him. I've never seen either of them since."

Have you followed the CLUES in our

£100 Treasure Hunt?

Another look back to page 205 may make all the difference between 0 & 100

NO. 555

The man who wore a black tie—

would not be considered "en suite" by his friends.

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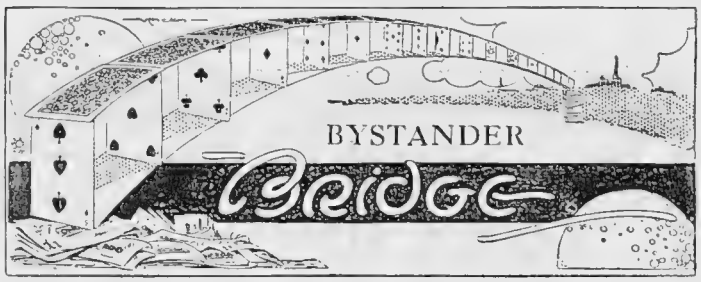


BY A. E. MANNING FOSTER

DOUBLE OR SUPPORT?

Occasions occur when you are confronted by the problem as to whether you should support your partner or double your opponents. The position most frequently arises after a No-Trump bid.

Your partner has called "One No-Trumps." One of your opponents bids two of a suit in which you hold length or strength or even both. Should you double or bid "two No-Trumps"?

There are some players who always double when they hold opponents' suit strongly. They argue that it gives their partner an option. If he likes the double he will allow it to stand. If he does not like it he can go "two No-Trumps."

. . . . . .

But there is fallacy in this. The No-Trump bidder may not like the double, and at the same time, may not be in a position to pursue his No-Trumper.

Take the case of a player who has called "one No-Trumps" on three Aces with no outside strength and only one small Heart. A bid of "two Hearts" is made against him. His partner doubles. He does not like it at all. He is good only for three tricks, and if his partner has only two tricks, the opponents will get their doubled contract. But still he is taking considerable risk in bidding "two No-Trumps."

The double, in fact, instead of helping him, perplexes him. If he leaves it in he may be wrong, and if he takes it out he may be also wrong.

I remember a case where Z held—

S—4. H—A, 9, 3. D—A, 10, 4, 2. C—A, K, 9, 5, 3.

And bid "one No-Trumps." A called "two Spades," and Y doubled. B "No bid." Z "two No-Trumps." A and Y "No bid," and B doubled. B opened King of Diamonds, and Z went down 300 points. Y had doubled on Q, J, 9 to six Spades and had no outside strength, and was useless in No-Trumps. If Z had left the doubled Spades in, A would have been down 300. "But," argued Z, "with only one Spade and a good hand outside I was bound to go 'two No-Trumps.'"

To lose 300 points when you might make 300 points is bad Bridge. Was Z to blame? I think he was. But this is an example of how the "option" theory may pan out. Y's double was not an invitation to Z to pursue the No-Trumper. It was a "business" double and Z ought not to have gone on bidding, as he was not strong enough.

. . . . . .

My own view of a double in these circumstances is that it should be always a business double. That is to say, the doubler should have sufficient strength in the suit he doubles to insure that he can "down" the opponents even though his partner's No-Trumper may be weak. He should be good for at least three tricks, and that allows a minimum of three tricks in his partner's hand to defeat the contract.

But even this is not a certainty. It is easy to construct perfectly sound No-Trumpers which are not good for three tricks against a suit bid. This happens when the No-Trumps bidder has a long solid minor suit in which he cannot expect to make more than one trick, if that, against a suit declaration. On hands of this nature, the No-Trumps bidder should take out the double. But on hands of normal No-Trump strength, such as three Aces, or a little above normal strength, the No-Trumper bidder should not take out the double. I would go so far as to say that in the ordinary way the No-Trumps bidder should not regard the double as an invitation to proceed with the No-Trumps bid; but rather as a warning to him that his partner expects to do better with the double than with the No-Trumper.

. . . . . .

When you are in the happy position of being able to double your opponent's bid, or put your partner up in No-Trumps, the course you choose should depend upon the state of the score. If the score is love all, choose to make the first game. If the score is game all, take the rubber game. But if your opponents are game up and you are at love, choose the double in preference to the game, if you can see a likely 200 or 300 in penalties.

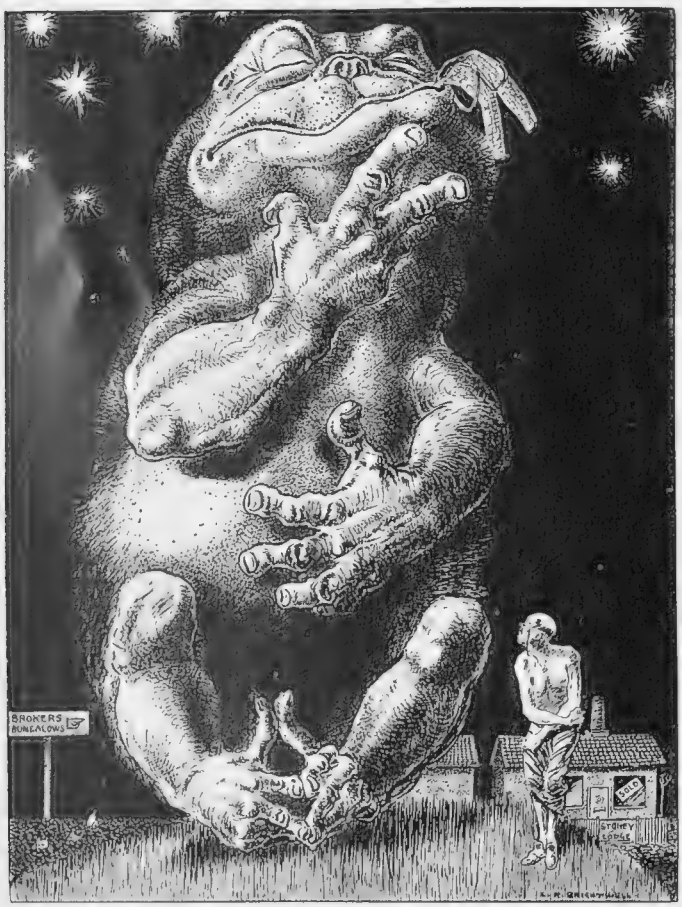
Here is a case on which a reader asks my opinion:

Score: A B game up, Y Z nil. Y deals and bids "One No-Trumps"; B "No bid"; Z "No bid"; A "two Spades"; Y "No bid" B "No bid." Z holds:

S—A, K, x, x. H—K, x, x. D—A, 10, x, x, x, x. C—None.

What should Z say?

While in my opinion "two No-Trumps" would be a perfectly sound bid, I recommend a double at the score. Unless Y has a very weak No-Trumper, it ought to be worth at least 300 points, and that is better than making the score game all.



BY L. R. BRIGHTWELL.

JOHN BULL'S JUNGLE—THE INCOMETAKZ

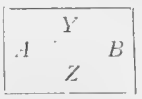
This monster is the soul of urbanity—on the surface. Yet no words can describe its terrible depredations upon the aristocracy and middle classes. The poor, by pleading that they have nothing to give the monster on its annual visits, may escape unscathed. Here we see a citizen, unable to satisfy the monster with bullion (its favourite dish), being deprived of a necessary and much revered garment. A St. George is badly needed to slay this dragon!

Bystander Four Weeks' Competition No. V

Fourth Week—Final Problem

Score: Love all. A deals and says "No bid." Y and B are "No bid." Z "three Diamonds." All pass. A opens the Queen of Clubs. The hands are:—

S—A, Q, 6, 2. D—J, 5, 4.
H—10, 9, 5, 4. C—4, 2.



S—7. D—A, 10, 9, 8, 7, 5, 2.
H—Q, J. C—A, K, 3.

How should Z play the hand and why?

. . . . . .

Solutions to all queries given in the past four weeks should be sent in together—solutions sent in separately will be disqualified—and addressed: BRIDGE COMPETITION, No. V., BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. 4. They must reach the office not later than first post on Monday, October 20.

A Study by Gordon NICOLL

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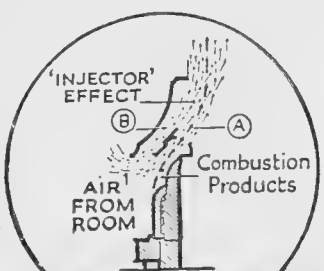
The Radiation Gas Grates have two openings under the canopy leading to the flue. The lower or "Injector" opening (A) carries away the entire combustion products, and the upper or "Ventilating" opening (B) carries away a large volume of air drawn from the room. The ascending current through the lower outlet promotes by Injector-action the ventilating function in the outlet above; the result is that while pure radiant heat is distributed throughout the room, the air of the room is changed a sufficient number of times to ensure an agreeable and healthy atmosphere being maintained.



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A Bystander among the BOOKS

By RALPH STRAUS

HERE is that excellent writer, Mr. J. C. Squire, in a new rôle. We have seen him as poet and critic, and he has written some of the cleverest parodies in the language. Now in *The Grub Street Night's Entertainment* (Hodder and Stoughton : 7*s.* 6*d.* net), he shows his powers as a short-story writer. Let me say at once that the book is a joy. They used to tell you that it was a mistake to write fiction about literary folk; a novelist was supposed to make a very poor hero, and nobody wanted to hear much about him. But that is all nonsense. A novelist can be quite as interesting as anybody else; indeed, he can sometimes be quite heroic. And as for editors and penny-a-liners. . . . No matter.

❀

MR. SQUIRE'S title should explain itself. All his stories have a somewhat similar background, but that is not to say that they resemble one another in the least. They are virile and out of the ordinary run, and one or two are so startlingly original as to prove once again, were proof at all necessary, that all possible plots and permutations have *not* yet been made use of. Personally, I like "The Cemetery" best, and if you know anything of Fleet Street, you will be aware that many distinguished people can be put in a cemetery long before they elect to die. But there are others, almost as enchanting as the sad story of Lionel Crewe the poet. Here you are shown the astounding career of a dear little wife who becomes a "best-seller"; there you have the explanation of a critic's sad "lapse." There is an exciting tale of the auction room, when a genuine Shakespeare MS. turns up, and a quite dreadful study in disillusion. The whole collection, indeed, is surprisingly good. Mr. Squire is a scholar who does not thrust his scholarship down your throat. He is a lover of books, but makes no fetish of his bibliographical lore. He has made a close study of literature, but he has also made a close study of life—a rarer and more gracious accomplishment. And we will hope that this is but a prelude to a Grub Street Saga.

IT sometimes happens that the Introduction to a book is of far greater interest than the text. If, however, I say that this is true of *Memoirs of the Foreign Legion* (Secker : 7*s.* 6*d.* net), by M. M., you must not misunderstand me. The Memoirs themselves are of considerable interest, but that interest is enormously enhanced when you have read something of their author, and this something is provided by no less a writer than Mr. D. H. Lawrence. In this Introduction, moreover, which runs to a hundred pages of fairly small print, you have Mr. Lawrence at his very best, and that is saying not a little.

M. M. must have been an odd creature. Mr. Lawrence made his acquaintance in Florence and disliked him, and against his better judgment, lent him money. He continued to lend him money, though there was no reason why he should, and many why he should not. And when at last he refused further to cripple his own slender resources, M. M., who had got himself into a serious mess, took poison and died. Mr. Lawrence does not blame him, and one is inclined to agree with his verdict. But the fact that this little, finnicky German-American with Royal blood in his veins was a poor sort of fellow is not to say that he is not an amazingly interesting figure. Limned by Mr. Lawrence's magical pen, indeed, he becomes almost big; certainly unforgetable.

❀

THE mystery, of course, is why he ever went into the Foreign Legion at all. But he did, and went through a few months' hell. There have been fine romances woven round France's outcast Legion, but there is little enough romance in these very grim pages. The Legion with its Boche sergeants and Boche discipline and brutality is shown in all its stark drabness. Little is left to the imagination. M.M., it is true, escaped very soon, but he had seen enough. This book is wholly out of the ordinary, and must not be missed even by those who may be wholly incurious about the Legion itself.

❀

MISS RADCLYFFE HALL'S new novel, *The Unlit Lamp* (Cassell : 7*s.* 6*d.* net) is a distinguished piece of work. There are women one knows, who are not meant for marriage, and Joan Ogden is one of these. The one big romance of her life is her devotion to another woman, but between them there is forever standing the slightly sinister figure of Joan's mother. Mrs. Ogden is one of those selfish mothers who demand all and give nothing.. Had Joan been permitted to take up the career for which she was suited, the career which Elizabeth was so keen to arrange for her, all might have been well. But on two occasions the mother calls, neither time in vain, and the lamp of Joan's happiness remains unlit.

❀

IT is a tragic story, but its note is not always sombre. Joan's home-life is sketched in with unusual power and considerable humour. Mrs. Ogden herself rouses you to fury, which means to say that there is no exaggeration in her portrait. As for Joan herself, you can but be sorry. She might have done so much, and she does nothing; at the end she is nursing an old man with the mind of a child of six. She is not, of course, the ordinary woman, but she belongs to a not uncommon type. In Miss Hall's hands she never loses your sympathy. The book has been written with great care, and will repay detailed reading.

❀

PERIODICALLY Englishmen appear who, while comparatively unknown in their own country, achieve an almost miraculous position abroad, particularly in the East. A mere love of travel may be the prelude to a passionate admiration for this or that

By A. DISHINGTON

A LOOK BEFORE A LEAP

An impression of Mr. T. C. Askew and his partner, Yvonne Mehro, the clever acrobatic dancers. Mr. Askew is also a prominent teacher of stage and ball-room dancing in Kensington

race. So it has been with Bourchier and Lawrence and Professor Browne and the Buxtons. So it was with Aubrey Herbert, whose death last year was a national loss. At home Herbert, who was a brother of the late Lord Carnarvon, had a host of friends and a seat in Parliament, but he was never a public figure in the ordinary sense of the term, only emerging on occasion into the limelight to annoy the Government with awkward questions. In reality he was one of those unofficial ambassadors of whom we have not nearly enough, a loveable, unconventional being, to meet whom was a privilege, a poet, and a man of the most scrupulous honour.

⁂

He left no full-dress autobiography, but during the last months of his short life, while he was losing his sight, he dictated a light-hearted account of his wanderings in the Near East for the past twenty years, and under the editorship of Mr. Desmond MacCarthy these chapters are now printed under the title of *Ben Kendim* (Hutchinson: 21*s.* net). The title itself is Turkish, and means "I Myself," and I conjure you to order the book at once from your library, for it is the best book of its kind which I had read for many months. Here, indeed, is no dull record of people in whom you may not be particularly interested, but a live, intensely personal, thrilling story of adventure related by a wholly exceptional man with a keen sense of fun, the shrewdest powers of observation, and a fund of quiet philosophy. It is a long book, but you will want to read every sentence. And, historically, it is valuable. Reading it, you begin to understand why things happened as they did in Turkey and Greece and Arabia and those troubled lands roundabout.

A MILD-MANNERED MAGICIAN

Though apparently harmless and pleasant, this gentleman is really a terrible fellow when he is roused. For he is Captain Clive Maskelyne, now the Chief of the Magicians, having been appointed President of the Magic Circle in succession to his father, the late Mr. Nevil Maskelyne

Herbert had a great admiration for the Turk, but his greatest love was probably given to that country of contradictions, Albania. It is no exaggeration to say that he might have been King of Albania had he liked. As it was, he was a national hero. And it is amusing to read how on one occasion during an armistice on Gallipoli he—a Colonel in the British Army—actually found himself in temporary command of a loudly cheering enemy detachment.

⁂

At times, indeed, his adventures read like the wildest romance. In places he is not sparing with his blame of British politicians, but it is to be remembered that they, unlike him, were often sadly misinformed about conditions "on the spot." The point to notice here is that the book is much more than an interpretation of recent events in the Near East. It is a piece of literature which makes one regret all the more its author's early death.

Marie Corelli's Last Manuscript

Considerable interest is being aroused in the *Open Confession to a Man from a Woman*, by the late Miss Marie Corelli, which is appearing in serial form in the columns of the *Daily Express*. The manuscript is not a story in the ordinary sense, but is a record of a woman's inward emotions and feelings towards the man of her choice. It is written, moreover, with all the vigour and fire of Miss Corelli's vivid pen. The first instalment appeared in the *Daily Express* of last Thursday.

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700 x 80	715 x 115	3 2 3	11 9	1 6 3	13 6	810 x 90	775 x 145	4 16 0	14 0	1 12 0	16 6
700 x 85						30 x 3½					6 studs
26 x 3						765 x 105					18 3
710 x 90						815 x 105					
28 x 3½	730 x 130	3 13 0	13 0	1 6 3	13 6	815 x 120	860 x 160	6 3 6	16 0	2 6 6	1 2 0
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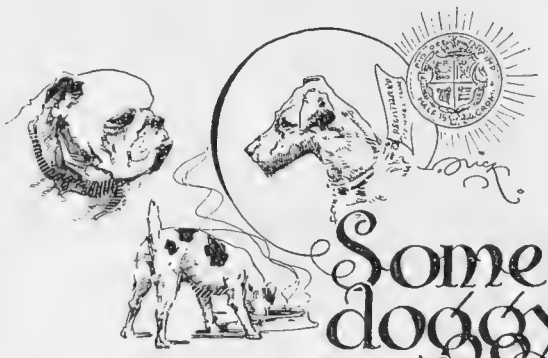


Some doggy questions

The Perfect End.

By "THE KENNELMAN"

Of enquiries received from readers, some are from their nature impossible to answer satisfactorily; some are unanswerable for lack of explanatory detail which should accompany them; some are delightfully easy. Here are specimens; quoted because typical and frequent:

(*a*) Which breed makes the best watch-dog?

(*b*) We have any amount of accommodation, and want to go in for breeding Dogs for profit. Which is the best variety?

(*c*) Which food and which meal should be given *warm* to Dogs, or should all their food be served warm?

(*d*) How does one register a Dog, and is it worth doing if one doesn't exhibit?

Practically all breeds furnish good watch-dogs. Choice must be influenced by the nature of the home to be watched. See Colonel Richardson's book on *Watch-Dogs: Their Training and Management.* See also—for all four questions, and many others—*Everybody's Dog Book.* The smaller Terriers for indoors, and Airedales and working Sheepdogs for outdoors, are hard to beat. If you want a Dog to be specially alert at night, give him his daily square meal in the forenoon, and only the lightest snack at the day's end.

Personal taste and experience, even more than accommodation, should decide choice of variety in Dog-rearing for profit. For relative popularity of different breeds, visit Kennel Club, 84, Piccadilly, and consult *Kennel Gazette* for breed statistics. The bigger breeds naturally cost more to rear, and need more elbow-room at all times than the little fellows. But—there are balancing considerations; something left to be said, too, for the relatively uncommon varieties.

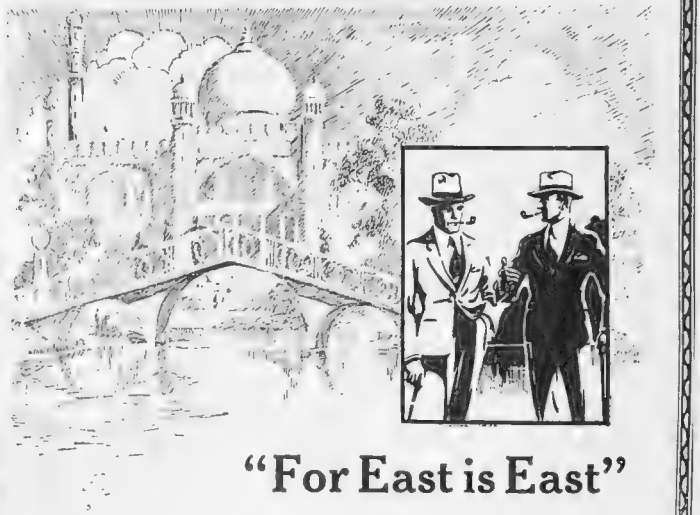
Except for special medicinal purposes, and in sickness, no food should be served warm to Dogs; always cold, never sloppy, and never left with the Dog after he stops eating.

Every Dog worth keeping is worth registering, and is entitled to it. The process costs but half a crown. Address the Kennel Club for registration forms.

Euthanasia——. Whatever you think about it for humans, there's no doubt our Dog friends sometimes reach a stage at which kindness, as distinguished from selfish sentimentalism, demands that one should help them into the happy hunting-grounds of their future state. The best Dogs' Homes, like that at Battersea, have lethal chambers. That's a good way out. Failing that, get your Vet.'s help; administer an anæsthetic (hypodermic for choice), and then chloroform. In effect, this gives death in sleep, without possibility of foreknowledge; the perfect end.

A young Hound belonging to a neighbour was sold the other day, and taken *by train* to a big kennel in the next county, sixty-three miles away. Three days later he turned up, a little footsore, but quite cheery, and pleased to be home again. The longer you study them, the more you marvel over the keenness of their intelligence and senses—as of direction, locality, etc.

Thirty-five thousand people to watch the Sheepdog Trials at Rochdale, the huge attendance at the English National Sheepdog Trials at Newcastle, and the big crowds at different Hound Trials in the north, all indicate the fascination of these functions, which reveal more of canine psychology than you will ever learn about horses at a race meeting.



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BEST AND BRITISH

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The Five o'clock Follies who have rec at Princes' Restaurant. The group sh Frederick Morant, Doris Patson and Reginald Edwards

FEMINA

BACCHANALIAN

By "CANDIDA"

ANYBODY who didn't know what admirable creatures we really are might easily think us the other thing. Decadent, isn't in it, if looks are anything to go by. Who's to blame? The cinema, of course. Never having acquired the habit I make it responsible for everything; for the made-up beauty which we keep, vampish and rather obvious, with an I-could-if-I-thought-it-worth-while air about it; for the clothes that we wear, all of a terrifically complicated simplicity; for the way the new people write in brutal pictures, so to speak, instead of nice, civilised sentences. Do you remember the day, not so long ago, when it was considered a reproach to good form to be called theatrical? How *vieux jeu* it sounds now, how almost Victorian! What's the theatre nowadays but a comfortable backwater, where scene follows scene with slow dignity, and nothing ever happens in the way of shocks and thrills except what you've bargained for? And then think of the fun and fury of a cinema, rushing with the swiftness of the whirlwind from one incredible adventure to another, with the it-really-happened-or-it-couldn't-have-been-photographed attraction to add to the flavour! Do you wonder that it's got into our blood?

ALL the same, in spite of their dash and bravado, there's no harm in the cinema-ish way that things are going. If the latest "its" are all film-inspired the connection's not obvious. There's no accounting for a fashion. It ought to spring naturally from our subconsciousness, as they'd say pompously in circles where people think. But it doesn't. It's imposed upon us from without, and no adequate reasons given. Nobody knows how it began, and nobody cares; one accepts it, as one does the weather and other inevitables of existence, and then lives up to it as best one can. But it's not always a best best; hence the funny world we live in.

FOR instance: Where's the connection between us and the lovely ladies who danced round Bacchus dressed in next to nothing and a leopard's skin? Obviously nowhere, except in the leopard's skin. You'll have noticed, if you've kept your eyes open, that it's the last word in furs, and that one wears it not exactly in the haphazard Bacchanalian manner, but firmly stitched to respectable collars and cuffs. But there's no taming the leopard, even when he's only a collar to a two-hundred guinea coat. So with a Bacchante. It's the temperament that does it, and she didn't wear a leopard's skin just because it was becoming, but because, unlike us, she made her clothes—or what there was of them—express the inwardness of her. She was as wild as the wild beast whose skin she wore. Of that there's nothing left in these *bourgeois* days, when even genius lives in a flat and keeps a cook and a pet Pekinese,

Photograph *Herbert Lambert*

THE GOLDEN AGE

Ursula, the two-year-old daughter of Mr. Herbert Howell, the brilliant composer, who has conducted his own work at the Queen's Hall

she should be—and all leopard's skin.

n 1924, though I don't that we're a bit worse to be (better if anything: liever in modern progress

no r cable female would wear him. One took to all sorts of new bunnies and cats and rats which didn't last any time, that got shiny and lost their furriness and were a source of delight to no one except to moths and things. But the leopard was kept in his proper place, which was the floor, the sofa, or the wall where he did penance for his evil ways. Everywhere else he suggested the hardened sinner. No one dreamt of wearing him, except a few temperamental actresses who tried to be a law unto themselves, and one always ran away with the idea that the alluring Miss So-and-So was no

A VISITOR FROM VIENNA

"Denise," the beautiful feminine half of the new dancing firm, "Andor and Denise" *Un*limited, who are giving some attractive exhibition dances this week at the Café de Paris, in Coventry Street. She and her partner hail from Vienna, where they have made a big reputation for themselves

in spite of appearances), we've cast tradition to the winds, we've snapped our fingers at age-long associations, we—living in respectable Bayswater and blameless Kensington—wear a whole coat of leopard when we can afford it, or a collar and cuffs when we can't. The leopard must have changed his nature, though he hasn't changed his spots, which is just as well. In a world where every other fur you meet is dyed and doctored, it's so satisfactory to find one that's unchanged and unchangeable, the same yesterday and to-morrow.

AND yet, and yet—I can't rid myself of the old associations. As well, it seems to me, wear a powdered wig and patches for breakfast as a leopard's skin to go shopping in Oxford Street. Daily I meet all sorts of nice, young things with leopard touches about their new winter coats. They all lead the strenuous life in which there isn't time to be anything but good. There's not a hint of the hungry tigress in their round, blue eyes and contented little faces. Alas, poor leopard, sacred once upon a time to the eternal huntress, the inscrutable Sphinx, to all that was incurably bold, bad, adventurous and romantic! How do you like living at Clapham in the odour of strict respectability? Have they tamed you at last? CANDIDA

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How to keep your skin young-looking according to MISS RENÉE KELLY

(A personal interview)

MISS KELLY possesses a special charm all her own, which has made her personality representative of the essence of girlish vivacity, of delightful, buoyant, laughter-loving, impish, lighthearted youth. Yet behind that enviable fame and popularity lies an appalling amount of hard work—as anyone acquainted with the life of a front-rank actress must know.

Miss Kelly's fascination is not preserved by "coddling." None of our modern energetic womanhood has a more strenuous day than hers—how then does she maintain that delightful, fresh, youthful appearance?

Miss Kelly gives away a secret

To me she revealed the secret. She said, "I am convinced that it is most important to keep the skin thoroughly clean—not just soap and water cleanliness, but a cleanliness of the pores which can only be properly obtained, I found, by the use of *Pond's Cold Cream.*"

A Practical Demonstration

"It is really wonderful stuff. See!" and she held out a hand which seemed to me as white and soft and lovely as a woman's hand could be. Taking a little *Pond's Cold Cream* she rubbed it gently on the back of her hand and she then smoothed it off with a clean towel. To my surprise the towel was discoloured. "That discolouration," explained Miss Kelly, "is caused by impurities from the pores."

Getting *beneath* the surface

"No one can prevent them getting there, but every woman should see to it that she gets them out at least once every day. To keep the skin really clean you must get *beneath* the surface—and that is what *Pond's* does. It seems to possess the property of melting into the skin and bringing out all the dirt which makes the skin harsh and rough."

"I use it Regularly Every Night"

"I use it regularly every night on my face and hands. You can judge the results," she concluded, laughing. I did—and no more convincing proof of the qualities of *Pond's* could be desired.

Wrinkles Disappear

"One other point," went on Miss Kelly—"those creamy softening properties of *Pond's* seem to make the skin wonderfully supple and—how can I describe it—plastic. Wrinkles and hard lines come, in my opinion, from stiffness. *Pond's* takes all that away. It takes all the 'tiredness' out of one's face—and every woman will know what I mean by that. It seems to me it is every woman's duty, both to herself and others, to keep fresh, and yet the conditions of modern life for women make that ideal increasingly difficult. I can recommend no

Photo by Navana.

better method than a regular use of *Pond's Cold Cream.*"

Just One Last Word

"And——" I added with a questioning gesture towards a tube on her table. "And, of course," agreed Miss Kelly, "my old friend *Pond's Vanishing Cream.* I always carry—and have always carried—a tube of that about with me in my hand-bag to keep myself fresh during the day. But the really important thing—the foundation as it were—is the *Cold Cream.*"

Follow Miss Kelly's Example

At night before retiring massage *Pond's Cold Cream* into the skin of the face and neck. Rub well into the skin, using a circular motion. Then wipe off the cream with a soft towel and notice the dirt that comes away. Repeat the massage and this time wipe off very carefully only the surface cream, leaving the pores well lubricated all through the night. On the occasions during the day when the skin needs freshening up, or protection against dust, dirt, sun and wind, apply a little *Pond's Vanishing Cream* without massage.

Give it a Fortnight's Test

The continuance of this practice for a fortnight will result in a very gratifying clearness of the skin, a delightful evenness of colour, the absence of all roughness, and the distinct reduction of any line-forming tendency—in short, renewed complexion charm.

Free Trial Supplies

In order that the reader may satisfy herself as to the genuine ability of *Pond's Cold Cream* and *Vanishing Cream* either to achieve or retain her full measure of beauty, the proprietors will send, for threepence in stamps to cover postage and packing, a FREE TRIAL TUBE of both CREAMS. Please fill in the COUPON below. All chemists sell *Pond's Cold Cream* and *Pond's Vanishing Cream* in opal jars, price 1/3 and 2/6, and tubes, price 7½d. (handbag size) and 1/-. The *Cold Cream* in extra large tubes 2/6.

Generous Trial Tubes FREE—COUPON.

To Pond's Extract Co. (Dept. 163), 103, St. John Street, London, E.C.1.

I enclose threepence in stamps to cover postage and packing. Please send me your free TRIAL TUBES of *POND'S COLD CREAM* and *POND'S VANISHING CREAM* containing enough for a fortnight's ordinary use.

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